War Criminals and International Law . . . By Robert H. Jackson

JUN 10 '45

THE Saturday Review OF LITERATURE

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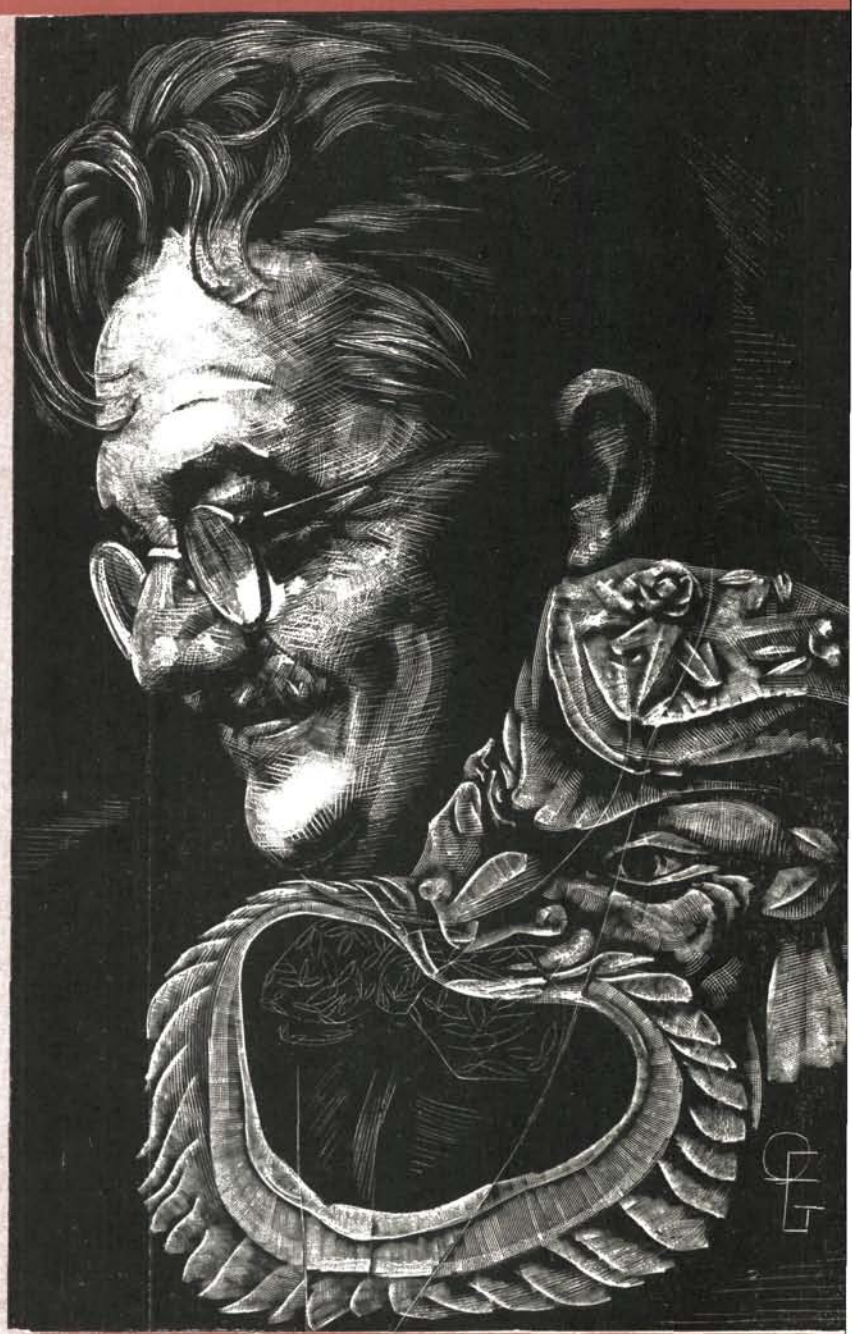

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This Week

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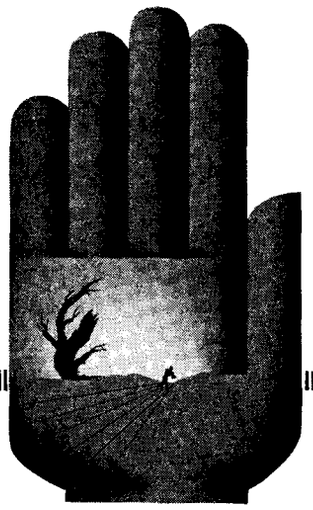

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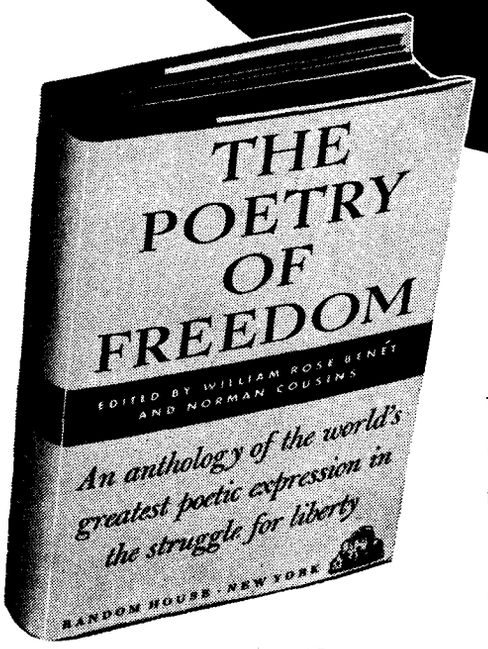
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The patter of frogs on umbrellas

DOWN from the sky, showers of little frogs, blizzards of snails, rains of black or red organic matter, gushes falling upon the same tree every day at the same hour, stones pelting the same house, the same garden, day after day, from an unseen and undetectable source.

Uncommon occurrences? Not to Charles Fort. Married to a woman who knew all the neighborhood gossip, deplored his unsociability, frequented the local movie theaters in the Bronx, and fed him well, Fort lived in a world where nature was too exuberant to be bound by limitations of space or systems of laws.

For more than twenty years Fort pored over scientific journals, newspapers, transactions and reports of learned societies—the most respectable sources — and gathered data on hundreds of such outrages against the laws of conventional science. Therefore he was able to say that he never wrote about marvels but about quite ordinary occurrences. Once he confessed wryly that he suspected that it was not so much a book he was writing as a "sanitarium for overworked coincidences".

Who was Charles Fort? A massive man with an immense sense of humor, who had a passion for tilting against orthodoxy because he considered it brain-cuffs. Before his death in 1932 he had already become a legend, with a following among such people as Theodore Dreiser, Havelock Ellis, Ben Hecht, Booth Tarkington, Lincoln Steffens, Alexander Woollcott, and Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes.

The overworked coincidences which Fort aired with such glee had been either ignored by scientists or explained away as lies, hoaxes—something that was there in the first place, or else brought there by whirlwinds. The whirlwind explanation especially amused Fort, for he never found any official confirmation of a whirlwind accompanying such a downpour. Weather bureau reports of thunderstorms, snowstorms, hailstorms, but never whirlwinds. Moreover, nobody ever saw a pond full of frogs going up. Besides, anybody who had lost a pond would have been heard from, and nobody ever reported such a loss. Then, too, Fort was puzzled by the expert marksmanship and selectivity of these alleged whirlwinds.

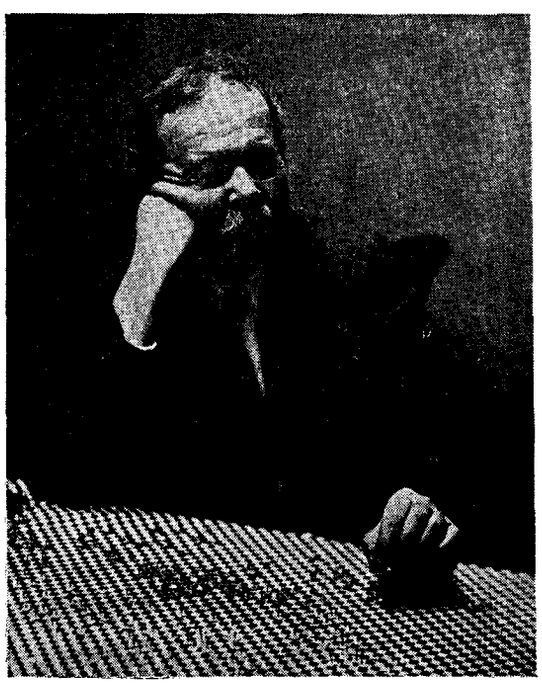
"Coffins have come down from the sky: also, as everybody knows, silk hats and horse collars and pajamas. But these things have come down at the time of a whirlwind. The two statements that I start with are that no shower exclusively of coffins, nor of marriage certificates, nor of alarm clocks has been recorded: but that showers exclusively of living things are common. And yet the explanation by orthodox scientists who accept that showers of living things have occurred is that the creatures were the product of whirlwinds. The explanation is that little frogs, for instance, fall from the sky, unmixed with anything else, because, in a whirlwind, the creatures were segregated by differences in specific gravity. But when a whirlwind strikes a town, away go detachables in a monstrous mixture, and there's no findable record of washtubs coming down in one place, all the town's cats in one falling battle that lumps its infelicities in one place, and all the kittens coming down together somewhere else, in a distant bunch that miaows for its lump of mothers."

Some day, Fort thought, obvious explanations of his data would be found, and accepted by even the most dogmatic scientists. They would no longer ignore or laugh off such occurrences, as not fitting into the System. In wider times, demanding wider thinking, these explanations would be no more incredible to future generations than television would have been to our ancestors. Voltaire did not believe in fossils. Nobody believed the fishermen's wild stories of land to the west until after 1492. The secret of steam was for ages blabbed by all the pots and kettles in the world, but nobody was ready to listen. Even meteorites were denied by scientists as late as the nineteenth century.

Fort had his own explanation for these unconventional showers from the sky. But his liveliest interest was not so much in things, as in relations of things. He spent a great deal of time pondering what he termed the "alleged pseudo-relations that are called coincidences". *What*, he asked, *if some of them should not be coincidences?* It is the profound conviction of most of us that there never has been a shower of living things. But, as Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes once pointed out, we have been cocksure of many things that were not so. Fort had the notion that all things are inter-related, continuous. Perhaps this explains, to some extent, his strange preoccupation with showers of living things.

"We shall pick up an existence," he wrote, "by its frogs. Wise men have tried other ways. They have tried to understand our state of being, by grasping at its stars, or its arts, or its economics. But, if there is an underlying oneness of all things, it does not matter where we begin, whether with stars, or laws of supply and demand, or frogs, or Napoleon Bonaparte. One measures a circle, beginning anywhere."

If yours is a mind curious about this world and its phenomena you will find in the books of Charles Fort a store of exciting material, uniquely presented, such as no other author can offer. Five years ago we combined the four books of Fort into one fat volume of 1151 pages, and added a magnificent, sixty-two page index by name, date, subject and source. The four books are *The Book of the Damned*, *Lo!*, *New Lands*, and *Wild Talents*. Despite the paper shortage we have been able to reprint THE BOOKS OF CHARLES FORT this month with the aid of The Fortean Society. Here it is, for open-minded people to read and reread, with chuckles, guffaws, and cheers.



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The Saturday Review of Literature

War Criminals and International Law

Judicial Proceedings Must Not Be Tied to Predetermined Policy

ROBERT H. JACKSON

Chief American Counsel to the United Nations War Crimes Commission

"INTERNATIONAL law," said President Wilson, "has perhaps sometimes been a little too much thought out in the closet." We have an opportunity today, not likely soon to recur, to bring international law out of the closet where Wilson found it and impress it upon the consciousness of the people. Indeed I should not be greatly surprised if today the people are not actually less timid on the subject than those who should lead in this field. The trouble has been that the advocates of international law have had too little of what Mr. Justice Holmes called "fire in the belly," while the extreme nationalists have had too little else.

A wide difference of philosophy exists among judges and lawyers within the United States as well as among different national groups as to the appropriate function of courts in society. Anglo-Americans and many others generally have adhered to the concept of a court as an independent body which neither serves nor controls policy and whose members owe a duty to truth in fact-finding and to the science of law in decision that transcends any duty to nation, to class, to governments, or to party.

That ideal, needless to say, is not always attained even among those who profess it, but by and large it has represented the ideal which the legal profession has tried to approximate in practice. It would, however, be unwise to overlook that this is quite contrary to the concept prevailing among nearly all of our enemies, among some of our allies, and some neutrals; it is a concept, moreover, that is beginning to have a considerable and influential school of thought in the United States. This concept views courts as dependent and controlled arms of the policy-making part of government, as legitimate instruments to promote policy, and as bodies whose fact-findings and decisions may properly reflect the national interest, the class or party interest which is responsible for their creation. It would be very difficult for an international court long to succeed if such irreconcilable conceptions of its character and function continued to divide the powerful constituents of our international organization.

—Ferdinand Vogel

Supreme Court Justice Robert H. Jackson: "Courts try cases, but cases also try courts."

It seems to me that much hinges on acceptance of the concept of the Court as an independent body above obligation to any nation or interest. I do not see how we, or any nation of like philosophy, could submit controversies to a court otherwise conceived, and certainly we could not concede any measure of compulsory jurisdiction to it. Nor do I see how any reputable professional man of the Anglo-American tradition could lend his name to a tribunal not of that character. Of course we deal here with a difficult point because it is so little a matter of the statute creating the Court and so much a matter of the spirit of the judges and the foreign offices and of prevailing attitudes among peoples.

I am not stressing this difference of opinion about the function of courts in criticism of our allies or in rancor toward our enemies. Always among them have been scholars and jurists who hold to the ideal of an independent bench. And among us, also, there are some who candidly would use courts as an instrument of power and many more who favor all of the premises of that philosophy without recognizing the conclusion. The ease with which men thoughtlessly fall into step with this philosophy is strikingly demonstrated by the attitude of many people toward the trial of war criminals.

I HAVE no purpose to enter into any controversy as to what shall be done with war criminals, either high or humble. If it is considered good policy for the future peace of the world, if it is believed that the example will outweigh the tendency to create among their own countrymen a myth of martyrdom, then let them be executed. But in that case let the decision to execute them be made as a military or political decision. We must not use the forms of judicial proceedings to carry out or rationalize previously settled political or military policy. Farcical judicial trials conducted by us will destroy confidence in the judicial process as quickly as those conducted by any other people.

Of course, if good faith trials are sought, that is another matter. I am not so troubled as some seem to be over problems of jurisdiction of war criminals or of finding existing and recognized law by which standards of guilt may be determined. But all experience teaches that there are certain things you cannot do under the guise of judicial trials. Courts try cases, but cases also try courts.

You must put no man on trial before anything that is called a court, if you are not prepared to establish his personal guilt. I do not, of course, mean that every step must be taken in accordance with technical common-law rules of proof. The evidence to be received depends upon what the circumstances make available. But there is no reason for a judicial trial except to reach a judgment on a foundation more certain than suspicion or current rumor. Men of our tradition

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cannot regard any proceeding as a trial that does not honestly search for the facts, bring forward the best sources of proof obtainable, critically examine testimony.

But, further, you must put no man on trial if you are not willing to hear everything relevant that he has to say in his defense and to make it possible for him to obtain evidence from others. Nothing more certainly discredits an inquiry than to refuse to hear the accused, even if what he has to say borders upon the immaterial or improbable. Observance of this principle is of course bound to make a trial something of a sounding board for the defense. We all remember the war-guilt trials which were begun by the Nazis and their collaborators in France. The Court was at once put to the choice of suppressing the defense or of allowing the trial to become something of an instrument for disseminating the views of the accused. Any United Nations Court that would try Nazi criminals would face the same choice. That is one of the risks that are taken whenever trials are commenced. The ultimate principle is that you must put no man on trial under the forms of judicial proceedings if you are not willing to see him freed if not proven guilty.

IF you are determined to execute a man in any case, there is no occasion for a trial; the world yields no respect to courts that are organized merely to convict. I am not arguing against bringing those accused of war crimes to trial. I am pointing out hazards that attend such use of the judicial process—risk on the one hand that the decision which most of the world thinks should be made may not be justified as a judicial finding, even if perfectly justified as a political policy; and the alternative risk of damage to the future credit of judicial proceedings by manipulations of trial personnel or procedure temporarily to invest with judicial character what is in fact a political decision.

I repeat: I am not saying there should be no trials. I merely say that our profession should see that it is understood that any trials to which lawyers worthy of their calling lend themselves will be trials in fact, not merely trials in name, to ratify a predetermined result.

Of course there is a school of cynics in the law schools, at the bar, and on the bench who will disagree, and many thoughtless people will see no reason why courts, just like other agencies, should not be policy weapons. It is a popular current philosophy, with adherents and practitioners in this country, that law is anything that can muster the votes to be put in legislation, or directive, or decision and backed with a policeman's club. Law to those of this school has no foundation in nature, no necessary harmony with higher principles of right and wrong. They hold that authority is all that makes law, and power is all that is necessary to authority. It is charitable to assume that such advocates of power as the sole source of law do not recognize the identity of their incipient authoritarianism with that which has reached its awful climax in Europe.

But we can have nothing in common with the cynics who would have us avoid disillusionment by having no ideals, who think that, because they do not believe in anything, they cannot be fooled. We must keep the faith roughly stated by Lord Chief Justice Coke that even the King is "under God and the Law." I confess even to mid-Victorian romanticism which believed that "Thrice armed is he whose cause is just." Of course, these are difficult concepts for the most wise to delimit and apply and easy for the most shallow to ridicule. But unless there is something of substance in these teachings, there is nothing to law except the will of those who have the power.

It is chiefly those who hold this idea of law who belittle international law because it lacks formal commitments of force to back up its precepts. This attitude, which considers itself a very practical one, I think misconceives the nature of law, the almost inevitable character of so many of its principles in a world ordered by any semblance of reason, and the influences which give it acceptance, vitality, and authority. The fact that a principle of international law does not readily translate into a court mandate, with an executive power committeed faithfully to execute it, does not mean that it may with impunity be violated.

Twice, Germany has demonstrated that flagrant disregard of international law will call into being an *ad hoc* force for its vindication. In August, 1914, Von Bethmann-Hollweg stood before the German Reichstag at the beginning of a war in which Germany held every card but one. He confessed the lack of that one. He said, "Gentlemen, we are now in a state of necessity, and necessity knows no law. Our troops have occupied Luxembourg; perhaps they have already entered Belgian territory. Gentlemen, this violates the rules of international law. . . . The wrong—I speak openly—the wrong that we now do, we will try to make good again, as soon as our military ends have been reached."

Bethmann-Hollweg's miscalculation consisted of believing that international law was backed by no force because no such force was then visible. But he was at least an intellectually honest man who knew legal right from legal wrong. His successors belong to the school which denies there can be a legal wrong if it has the votes or the artillery on its side. By every calculation based on naked force Germany should sit astride the world today. But lawlessness, violations of what plain people think of as "rights"—rights of minorities, rights of individuals, rights of nations—have twice roused moral forces which have supplied the military force to undo German might.

Nothing disintegrates power like lawlessness, nothing makes force so effective as the sentiment of people that it is somehow defending the right and is exercised in harmony with the higher moral values. So I think we need not worry too much about absence of sanctions for international law or let disputes as to details obscure the ultimately important things. We may go forward on the assumption that reason has power to summon force to its support, confident that acceptable moral standards embodied in law for the governance of nations will so appeal to the better natures of men that somehow they will ultimately vouchsafe the force to make them prevail. If this were not so, the quicker "civilization" were blown to bits, the better.

IT is futile to think, as extreme nationalists do, that we can have an international law that is always working on our side. And it is futile to think that we can have international courts that will always render the decisions we want to promote our interests. We cannot successfully coöperate with the rest of the world in establishing a reign of law unless we are prepared to have that law sometimes operate against what would be our national advantage. In our internal affairs we have come to rely upon the judicial process to settle individual controversies and grievances and even those between states of the Union, not because courts always render right judgments, but because the consequences of wrong or unwise decisions are not so evil as

(*Continued on page* 29)

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A Man Who Managed to Get Around

A. WOOLLCOTT: HIS LIFE AND HIS WORLD. By Samuel Hopkins Adams. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1945. 386 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by JOHN T. WINTERICH

IN the trade of book-reviewing there persists a temptation, frequently yielded to, to evaluate the subject of a biography rather than the biography itself. Thus a mediocre, or downright poor job of research and presentation will occasionally get an excellent press if the hero (or, sometimes, the villain) commends himself to the reviewer's interest. A few years ago there appeared a full-length biography of a minor but engaging American literary figure who had hitherto, quite undeservedly, been ignored as a monographic possibility. He fell into the wrong hands, and the result was an ill-assembled, ill-written, spiritless performance which received general approbation. More recently, a biography of an American politician who was no hero to his historian was widely praised by the host of critics who shared the author's reasonable disrespect. The book reflected competence in investigation and accuracy in reporting, but it was a colorless, pedestrian performance that failed everywhere to bring out the dramatic highlights with which theme and background were instinct. But the reviewers praised it and quoted, in every review I read, the book's concluding paragraph, which rendered a verdict with which they were (and I am) in full agreement. In each of these instances it was the man, and not the book, that was reviewed.

I am eager to learn if such a critical bias is going to operate in the appraisal of Mr. Adams's lively portrayal of a lively subject. If it does, the results will be interesting. For during that subject's lifetime the world was pretty much divided concerning many matters affecting it both deeply and superficially, and among the schisms of admittedly lesser import was the cleavage between those who loved Alexander Woollcott and those who loathed him. If there was a middle ground, it had the dimensions of a minor Pacific atoll, and it was not a safe place to be, for the fire was always heavy from one side or the other, and frequently from both sides at once.

Aleck Woollcott "was volubly assertive of his great indolence . . ."

Mr. Adams, a dispassionate and objective biographer, has had to run the risk of occupying that bit of middle ground and holding on come what may. Neither Woollcott's surviving friends nor his probably equally durable enemies will be wholly pleased with what Mr. Adams has to say. What he has to say includes every scrap of data, every anecdote, every pertinent item of Woollcottana that he has been able to assemble by the exercise of a surpassing diligence. Few biographies have ever had to depend more on the personal interview, than which there is no more arduous method of extracting information. Or, one may add, no more satisfactory—you cannot ask a document questions or expect it to amplify hints. The interviews must have run into the hundreds. Well, Mr. Adams began life as a reporter, and a good one, and he is still a reporter, and a good one, and the interview is the spinal column of most news stories and of most biographies which are close to the biographer's own time. Here his subject is another lifelong reporter (and, with reservations, a good one)—a reporter, incidentally, whom Mr. Adams introduced to his craft.

I do not mean to imply that Mr. Adams has merely set down the thousand best Woollcott stories, or simply recorded the impressions of a thousand individuals. He has written an orthodox, old-fashioned, born-lived-died chronicle, full of names of people and places—a chronicle which makes vivid reading and presents, as near as may be, a complete picture of one human being acting out his part against the backdrop of his day. That that day was, and still is, Mr. Adams's, and that Mr. Adams knew his subject as intimately as many of the sources he consulted, and had for that subject an affection and admiration that did not rob him of discretion, understanding, and detachment, are factors which have augmented his capacity to do the sound job he has done.

Woollcott's interests and activities, partly as a result of his own inclination, partly by the operation of destiny, were far more sharply categorized and differentiated than those of most men, little or big. Dr. Johnson (the Johnson-Woollcott parallel is inevitable on several counts) could put on a show night after night, year after year, in the same theatre and to the same audience, and Boswell had merely to listen and remember. Mr. Adams, unlike Boswell, had to get around. Woollcott himself got around. He was a charter member of the Thanatopsis Literary and Inside Straight Club and a trustee of Hamilton College. He tried to get his friends to drink Seagram's Pedigree Whiskey and he spent $3,544 for a quarter-hour of radio time on behalf of FDR's 1940 candidacy. He stumbled into Argonne shellholes (not from timidity, but because he couldn't see them), and he went to plays in an opera cape. He did good by stealth and bellowed insults from the housetops. He told every editor how to edit a magazine and allowed anyone in a broadcasting studio to order him about like a bus-boy. He proclaimed his immoderate size to people who would never see him, whereas actually, though hardly svelte, he was a small man a little on the plump side. He was volubly assertive of his great indolence, but his dominant characteristic was a vehement industry, and he unquestionably worked himself into his funeral urn. He prided himself on his accuracy and committed fantastic factual boners. He was the supreme sophisticate and the greatest sentimentalist of his day.

"but he unquestionably worked himself into his funeral urn."

As is inevitable with the biographer of a contemporary, Mr. Adams has put himself at the mercy of those among the continuing contemporary who remember that such-and-such an incident occurred not on February 28, but on February 29, and that Quintus

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Barberry's middle initial was K. and not J. Here goes: Nini's restaurant was on the Butte de Montmartre, not in the Latin Quarter, and I will bet Mr. Adams a dinner that it was not called the Cornille; it was Melvin Ryder, present proprietor of *Army Times,* and not H. W. Ross, who "created" the Lafayette Publishing Company; Woollcott's "Guide to Chateau Thierry" (actually "Château-Thierry: A Friendly Guide for American Pilgrims," etc.) was not "humorously," but quite factually, illustrated by Cyrus LeRoy Baldridge (Mr. Adams is apparently perpetuating the twenty-seven-year-old error of confusing Baldridge, the deadly serious cartoonist of the original *Stars and Stripes,* with A. A. Wallgren, its deadly humorous cartoonist); Hawley Truax would have contributed an abundance of gaiety to the *Home Sector* staff had he been a member of it, but unfortunately he never was. (It is fun to do things like this.)

Find what flaws one will with this production, it is going to be impossible to suppress it. As early as the April 21 issue of *Publishers' Weekly,* the harassed publishers were informing the booktrade that they had planned to issue the book on May 10, that their paper suppliers could not get them enough tonnage to fill orders, that they were faced with the alternative of rationing the advance sale or of postponing publication, and that they had elected postponement and named June 4 as publication date. Advance orders at that time totalled 45,000 copies. Aleck Woollcott is still impatient for acclaim, and he stands an excellent chance of getting it.

Col. John T. Winterich was on the Editorial Staff of The Stars and Stripes *with Alexander Woollcott during the First World War.*

The Voice and Fortune of Enrico Caruso

ENRICO CARUSO. His Life and Death. By Dorothy Caruso. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1945. 283 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by FRANCIS ROGERS

IN 1928 there appeared "Wings of Song, the Story of Caruso," by Dorothy Caruso and Torrance Goddard (Caruso's widow and her sister), in which was related with ingratiating simplicity the story of the happy, but all too brief, married life of Enrico Caruso and Dorothy Park Benjamin. Now comes "Enrico Caruso, His Life and Death," by Dorothy Caruso alone. The more recent publication, in attractive format, offers most of the material contained in the earlier version, plus additional photographs of the singer in various costumes and poses, some amusing caricatures drawn by him, a considerable number of love letters written by him in quaint Italianized English to his wife in the course of his infrequent absences from her; also an informative appendix. The story will give pleasure to those who enjoy true stories of married love, as well as those who like to read about famous singers.

The hero and the heroine of this romance could not have been more disparate in their social backgrounds, circumstances, and temperaments. Born of humble peasant stock, Caruso had had no formal education, though in connection with his operatic career his ambition to make a place for himself and an assimilative turn of mind had given him a practical knowledge of several languages, as well as useful familiarity with the ways of the world. At the time of his courtship he

—Self portrait from the book
Enrico Caruso "'was made in large blocks of essentials'."

was forty-five years of age and at the very zenith of his career, the most popular and best remunerated singer the musical world has ever known.

Dorothy Benjamin was more than twenty years his junior and had been brought up according to Victorian New York standards by an unloving father. Her mother, a chronic invalid, did not live at home. Dorothy writes, "They [her friends] asked, 'Why did Caruso marry you?' This was slightly tactless, but I was not offended—I myself wondered why. There were many girls much prettier than I, who spoke Italian and knew a great deal about music. I think it must have been my unworldliness that attracted Enrico."

It was a clear case of love at first sight at a quite casual meeting. There were not a few obstacles in the course of true love, but before unreasonably long, despite paternal disapproval, Enrico and Dorothy were united in wedlock in a Protestant church. The marriage, especially blest by the birth of little Gloria, brought great happiness, which came to an end only with Enrico's premature death three years later. This happiness was probably owing in large part to Dorothy's willingness to merge all her own interests in his. Except when he had professional duties or was on tour, the couple was never separated.

Dorothy writes,

> Enrico's nature was not only uncomplicated, it was actually elemental. He was made in large blocks of essentials. His humanity was deep. His humor was broad, his faith was high.—He didn't have to do anything to sharpen any of the human appetites. The simplicity of his design was too apparent to be readily believed. The public made a mystery of what in reality was a truly simple man.
>
> Enrico lived as he did, not to preserve his voice, but to preserve his life. He restored in his silences the life forces he had expended while singing. The quiet, concentrated hours we spent together were as necessary to him as water to a garden. . . . The full knowledge of his mètier—his musicianship, his technique of voice production, his meticulous standards of quality and nuance, his formalization of his personal emotions—all came from within himself.

Mrs. Caruso gives figures that show how active a career her husband had between 1894 and 1920. He sang in sixty-seven operas, with a constant crescendo in the matter of fees; up to the latter date he had made 234 records for the Victor Company, for which he had received $1,825,000. If the radios had been developed in his time, what additional fabulous sum might not have been paid him! Probably his earning capacity exceeded even that of Paderewski. Like Paderewski, the money that poured into his coffers in such golden torrents, Caruso expended not only in luxurious living, but also shared with his friends, both great and small, and with countless would-be dependents. He retained his Italian citizenship to the end, but was an enthusiastic and open-handed supporter of our war effort. (One of his favorite songs was "Over There.")

Mrs. Caruso's lovingly-drawn portrait of her husband is that of a great singer, who was also an extraordinarily picturesque and amiable character.

Francis Rogers is on the faculty of the Singing Department of the Juilliard Graduate School in New York.

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The Reality of the Romantic Hero

COMMODORE HORNBLOWER. By C. S. Forester. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 1945. 383 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM S. LYNCH

ADMIRERS of Sir Horatio Hornblower will be delighted to know that he has completed his most recent mission with all the success and aplomb they expect of him. They will be pleased, too, to learn that the great captain is now a commodore, a promotion he well deserves even though it did mean jumping him over other captains whose seniority placed them higher on the Admiralty's lists. Anyone who has followed Hornblower's career will not be surprised to hear that the retirement he had so well earned after his last exploits was soon broken by the Commissioners at Whitehall.

The European situation in the spring of 1812 will be recalled as most delicate. With Bonaparte massing his armies and those of his allies, with Russia undecided whether to join or fight him, with England standing alone against an occupied western Europe, London ordered a task force to the Baltic. The objectives of this fleet were to destroy enemy shipping, to keep open the vital supply lines to Swedish naval stores, and by a judicious display of force and diplomacy to win Russia and Sweden over to the side of England. Not until Task Force 58 has there been a naval force with a more hazardous mission; not until Nimitz, Halsey, and Mitsher has there been a commander who executed his orders to such perfection as did Commodore Hornblower.

The records of his expedition have been compiled by C. S. Forester, a sure guarantee of able presentation and of justice to men and events. Readers will recall Forester's earlier accounts of Hornblower's career and more recently his much-admired "The Ship." Some of them will have read the serial version "Commodore Hornblower" which appeared in *The Saturday Evening Post.* They will feel it only appropriate tribute to their hero that the Book-of-the-Month Club has chosen Mr. Forester's record of the Commodore's masterly handling of the Baltic expedition as its June choice. If it were not for the vile canard that the Commodore is a mere figment of Mr. Forester's imagination, there is no doubt that the Baltic foray would be included in Hakluyt's Voyages.

Cynics who assert that Hornblower is a fictional creation deserve the same contempt the honest reader accords to those heretics who claim that the adventures of the great detective, Holmes, are apocryphal. The internal evidence of this book provides ample proof that Forester is dealing with biography. When the author attempts to surmise the inner workings of the great seaman's character, he gives us a figure as creaky as the planking of a pitching ship. When he deals with those intimacies of his subject's life which a man as reticent as Hornblower would be reluctant to reveal to his closest friend, Forester cannot convince us of his man. The details of Lady Barbara's boudoir, the adventure with the smoldering Countess at the court of the Czar are, we feel, so deliberate that they must be based upon first-hand knowledge of a man who would never reveal them.

But when the author gives us incident and description we are assured that our hero is actual. The document and the first-hand account are the only explanation for the graphic realism of the description of ship and exploit. The archive and the history could be the only sources of events and personalities. It must be from these biographical data that Mr. Forester drew the rattling good sea story we have here. It is to the tradition of marine adventure that Hornblower belongs—a literary tradition that is, by the way, one of the most satisfying we have. In it we do not look for the psychological insights and motivations that mark the novel which critics are most wont to admire. We look instead for a story told well enough to carry us along without effort and for incident exciting enough to hold us in suspense however much we may be assured by the genre that all will come out for the best.

And that is what we have here as Hornblower paces the quarterdeck of his flagship, the *Nonsuch,* or scans the waters to see that his bombketches, sloops, and cutters are holding the formation he has ordered. We have the excitement of the bombardment of the French flank besieging Riga, the ingenuity of a daring raid into the inner waters of a Prussian port, and the last minute prevention of the assassination of Alexander the Czar whose support must be won.

We have the diplomatic fencing for tremendous stakes, the first-hand meeting with historical figures in court and in battle. Best of all, as in most of Forester, we have the ships and boats, and it is in the detail of description and maneuver that he is at his very best. The instance of the two bombketches *Moth* and *Harvey* shelling the *Blanchefleur* which had fled to neutral waters is a case to point. Operations and tactics are worked out for us to the last detail

C. S. Forester "is very conscious of this war even when he is writing about the Napoleonic."

and we study these strange craft with the fascinated care with which we examine the diagrams and models of modern submarines and aircraft carriers. The very terminology of the wooden ships of war has a romantic appeal that is irresistible. There is no author writing today who makes better use of this material. He can do it, too, with the ships of this war as he proved so clearly in "The Ship."

Forester is very conscious of this war even when he is writing about the Napoleonic. The parallels that come to mind as one follows the adventures of his Hornblower are almost too many not to strain the reader's sense of probability. One begins to suspect that he is giving a reverse twist to the old business of Hamlet in modern dress.

Even so "Commodore Hornblower" is a crackerjack yarn—not quite up to the earlier Hornblower books perhaps, but one that will delight any reader who enjoys a good story. And anyone who does not love a good story for its own sweet sake has lost the first great joy for which books must have been invented. To criticize it for a lack of sophistication would be about as fair as criticizing "Treasure Island." At the same time to insist that Hornblower is portrayed with insights to complicated personality above the general run of heroes in adventure stories is equally nonsense. His getting seasick occasionally is not enough. The reality of Hornblower is the reality of the romantic hero with whom the ordinary reader can identify himself through the magic casements of good writing. Hornblower is real because he is the stuff of daydreams—one captain who can never convince us that he ever hates the sea.

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A Yell of Pain in War

THE BRICK FOXHOLE. By Richard Brooks. New York: Harper & Bros. 1945. 238 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by NIVEN BUSCH

THIS fearful and vivid book is concerned with the effect of war on man. Its theme makes it unusual; during a war the tendency of writers, even those producing works of literary merit, is to concern themselves with the external phases of the conflict. It was not until ten years or more after World War I that there began to appear such works as Eric Remarque's "All Quiet on the Western Front," which presented the drama of war as opposed to man's emotions, and E. E. Cummings's "The Enormous Room," which showed the results of war-ordered confinement on man's social organization.

"The Brick Foxhole" bears comparison with either of these volumes, though its merits are quite different. Richard Brooks has little of Remarque's poetry or Cummings's detachment: he needs and employs other qualities because he is not writing from a perspective mellowed by years of reflection but out of the most intimate daily contact with the world which he describes, the pressures of which are fiercely attacking him even while he dissects and dramatizes them. Beyond any doubt the book is the weapon Brooks has used in his own defense, to keep himself from being destroyed, like his dramatis personae, by these same pressures.

"The Brick Foxhole" deals with men in uniform who do not fight except by the exercise of their peace-time trades. "Brick foxhole" is service slang for "barracks" and these men—members of a branch of the armed services which is not identified but is evidently the Marine Corps—are stationed in an unspecified town which would appear to be Quantico, Virginia. They are all artists or artistic craftsmen of one kind or another, writers, animators, laboratory technicians, and so forth, and their job is to produce service training films, intelligence maps, propaganda, etc. They are well fed and housed and secure from the dangers of combat and kept busy with interesting but not onerous occupations; in other words, they are very lucky people and the harassments besetting them are of a very minor sort, consisting chiefly in the fact that while required to dress like fighting men (who regard them as civilians) they are forbidden to fight, and that while they perform the work of civilians (who regard them as Marines) they are denied the latter's most elementary compensations. They are without honor and without membership in any social or professional caste ever before known on earth; they are ceaselessly beset, not by the enemy, but by their own boredom and sense of uselessness, gripped by never-ending secret terror not of skirmishes, traps, assaults, grenades, or bombing raids, but of the implacable security of the protocol, the monotony, and the hopelessness as symbolized by the walls of concrete, plaster, and stucco enclosing them, bending them in relentlessly upon each other—the cage of the Brick Foxhole.

Such a background, treated by an author not yet released from it, could easily have inspired a book that was peevish or dull or both. Sergeant Brooks's book is neither. It is angry, rapid, stream-lined, and beautifully written; it is tough without self-consciousness and bitter without irritability and it has a mood in it which looks like the mood of the best of the new stuff coming out of this war and which is as different from that of any other war as modern camouflage paint is from the colors worn by Wellington's dragoons.

The story concerns a corporal named Jeff Mitchell who has been convinced, by a chance remark, that his wife is unfaithful to him back home. The obsession has preyed on him, deepening his helplessness at the frustrations of the brick foxhole until he decides there is only one strong, affirmative thing he can do: he can kill. It doesn't matter who the victim is: any kind of killing will end the anomaly of his position as a man in uniform who cannot kill. As if his unspoken intention induced in others the act on which he had determined for himself, a murder is committed and he is hunted as the murderer. He is saved by the courage and shrewdness of his friend Keeley, a brick foxhole inmate who has not been defeated by the neurosis of his kind. In the end, with his sanity largely restored, he is reunited with his wife.

—From the drawing by Maj. Donald L. Dickson, U.S.M.C.

"Marine."

The plot, though fast-moving and ingeniously rendered, is the least of the book's virtues. In fact, for awhile it threatens to be its ruin, since Brooks gets so interested in the Dashiel Hammett-style manhunt for Jeff that he forgets his theme, or at least falls into the dilemma of telling two stories at once.

Yet it is not the book's minor constructural troubles but the overall impression that stays with the reader: the sense of life and power and indignation, and the sense of overall values, the rejection of the easy catchwords and catch-thinking of a world halfway between war and peace, and the wonderful profile of this world presented by intimation, its fevers and debauches, its agonized reachings and nerve-shattering uncertainties.

There are writing today many authors of ability whose works have power because they expose subjectively an interesting personality, or because of their value as "escapist" tracts, distilling some magic out of the past, or for the rousing presentation of second-hand ideas. Far rarer, in any age, is a writer with a sense of his own times; it is this sense which seems Brooks's greatest attribute. His ability to observe and react instantly and accurately to his observation is as impressive as his lack of cynicism. The "Brick Foxhole" is not a down-beat book; it does not debunk anything; it is not tired, and contains not a single echo of the jaded professional discouragement which was the style of literary effort after World War I. If anything it is a prayer, a yell of pain, a club shaken at the future, or some strange and provocative compound of these things.

Richard Brooks is a good writer and a real find for his publisher. If he goes on developing, as I think he will, he may some day be a most important one. ●

Niven Busch is the author of "Duel in the Sun," "The Carrington Incident," and "They Dream of Home."

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A Different Reno, Nevada

THE CITY OF TREMBLING LEAVES. By Walter Van Tilburg Clark. New York: Random House. 1945. 690 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by WILLIAM MAXWELL

WALTER VAN TILBURG CLARK's new novel is much longer, more ambitious, and more literary than "The Ox-Bow Incident." The central theme is the adolescent artist's tendency to self-defeat, and this theme is presented in one variation or another for six hundred and ninety pages. Even so, "The City of Trembling Leaves" can hardly be considered a psychological novel. The characters are real and appealing, but the author goes no deeper into the motivation of their actions than they would conceivably do by themselves, and one is left in doubt as to whether the immature ideas and attitudes of the hero, Tim Hazard, are also the author's, since Mr. Clark never at any point detaches himself from his material.

The city referred to in the title is Reno, Nevada—not the treeless, neon-lighted district dedicated to the granting of quick divorces, but the whole characteristically American city, partly new and partly old, with a river and a great many trees which are never still, and mountains all around it. The culture of this city is done with such thoroughness as to make any urban reader relive forgotten parts of his youth. And if what one reads now is true—that Europeans are hungry for books about present-day American life—here is one that will enlighten them.

Tim Hazard is a shy, likable boy, of middle-class parents, with an older sister and a younger brother. He lives in a square white house with a porch and a dirt walk and three big poplars in front of it. Across the street is the race track, and so Tim gets to see a good many races, rodeos, and circuses. His father works in a lumber yard, and on Saturdays and occasionally after school Tim works there too.

Apart from his innate musical gift, Tim's most conspicuous quality is a passivity which lasts all through his daydreaming boyhood and frustrated early manhood. This passivity is not caused by any lack of physical strength or of courage—if cornered, Tim fights well. But he can never do the things that he wants with his whole heart to do. His arms might as well be bound to his sides. When the grade school boys decide to experiment with sex during the noon hour, Tim's excitement is aroused but he cannot go to the acre of willows by the railroad tracks north of the school and share in the common discovery. Instead, he sits on the school steps until his strange shame and confusion drive him around to the other side of the school, where the willows are out of sight. On the shore of a lake he finds a true friend, a thin boy of about his own age, with black hair like an Indian. The boy is modeling a turtle. Though Tim likes him better than any boy he has ever met, he cannot go afterward to the part of the city where the boy lives; accident has to bring them together again. In high school Tim wins races and tennis matches, but never with any sense of triumph. He falls deeply and helplessly in love and another boy takes the girl away from him. When Tim leaves school and earns his living playing in jazz bands, he discovers his talent for writing music, but he wastes most of his time doing arrangements of dance music and what serious music he does write he afterwards destroys. Sexual experience brings with it no pride.

Of the psychological guilt which requires these innumerable defeats and failures the author has apparently no more awareness than Tim, who is presented simply as a character against himself.

After six hundred pages there is a sudden change. Tim becomes able to act. He stands up to a vicious woman, saves the life of his friend who has wandered off into Death Valley, marries, fathers two children, and begins to write music that satisfies him. The change is convincing but it is offered without explanation.

The tendency to explain, to probe, to analyze, is certainly more characteristic of the people of the eastern half of this country than it is of Westerners. Though born in the East, Walter Van Tilburg Clark is a Westerner in sympathy and spirit. Like the large landscapes with which the book is filled, his style is ample and spacious rather than compact. The reader whose life is not leisurely may find himself skipping paragraphs and even pages that, in a novel of ordinary length, would hold his attention. The dialogue is never false but it lacks the impact of character, and there is no humor.

Walter Van Tilburg Clark "is a Westerner in sympathy and spirit."

"The City of Trembling Leaves" has something of the quality of a long and wonderful day out of doors, where you start from home early in the morning and come back late at night, tired out but full of mindless well-being. For an Easterner such days are comparatively rare, a break in the ordinary routine of life. For the Westerner they are likely to be the main substance of living. It is not easy to judge a book written on these terms. The reader's mind turns inevitably to the part of the country of which "The City of Trembling Leaves" is so direct and accomplished an expression, and to the question of how important serenity and physical health may prove to be in a highstrung, nervous, psychologically self-conscious age.

Days of Our Years

By John W. Andrews

CHILDREN may dig their castles in the sand,
Or touch with small pink fingers the cool skin
Of kelp and seaflowers, lately brought to land,
Or let the conches whisper the faint din
Of unseen seas, or send their walnut-ships
Across the sealines of a dream-borne planet.
A child may stand, firm-legged, with pursed-up lips,
Watching the sudden sun-flight of a gannet,
And, in this, turn; be wild with wonder—smile!
We veterans of the earth have lost this art.
Wings, or a summer ocean, may beguile
The fancy for an instant but the heart,
Frozen aloof, stands helpless to receive
The subtle balsam of such make believe.

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Strictly Personal

A NEGRO'S BEST FRIEND IS HIS WHITE FOLKS

SOME time ago in the *SRL* David L. Cohn, in an article entitled "White Folks Are Easy to Please" discussed the true comic character of the American Negro, as opposed to the vaudeville version of the funny fellow from down South. If Mr. Cohn does not mind a little poking around among the implications of his essay, I would like to develop somewhat further the metapsychic of Negro humor, since it bears directly upon the character of our American civilization and its manners.

Mr. Cohn's genuine Negro story concerned a widow woman named Elzida, who ran a rooming house, and who was arrested for shooting at a tenant who was behind in his rent. She was cleared of the charge and gratefully told her landlord, a white man, that she had learned her lesson and would never shoot at anybody again. "Next time one of them no'count deadbeats don't pay me my rent," she said, "I'm gonna get me fifteen cents wuth o' cocaine an' a dime's wuth o' gin an' take my razor an' cut his head off."

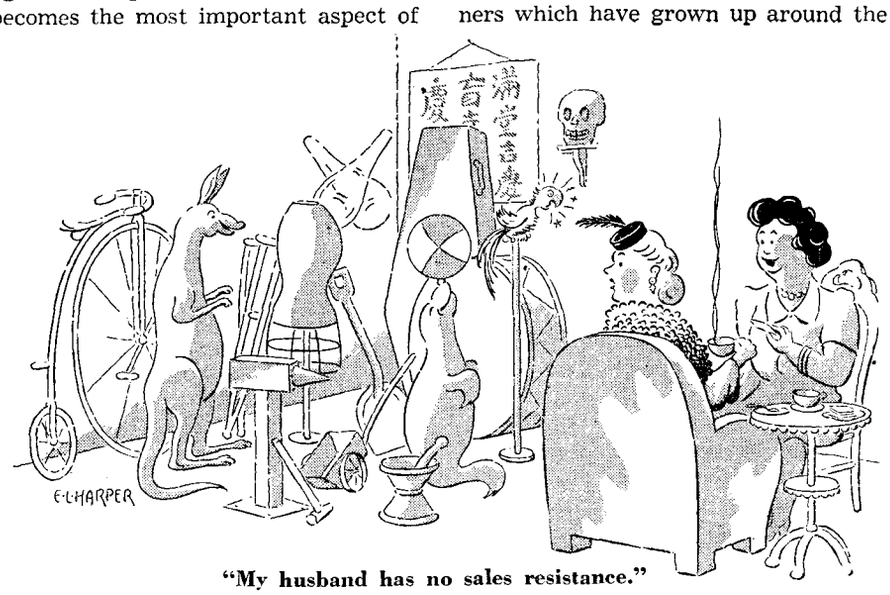
Compare this story with the account of a Naval governor's attempt to regulate native life on pre-war Guam. The native girls wore nothing but skirts, leaving the upper half of their bodies bare. The governor considered this a source of provocation to the Marines stationed there, and ordered all native women, when in the presence of whites, to cover their bosoms. The natives were puzzled, but accepted the order. Thereafter when a group of native girls met a group of Marines while walking along the road, they reached quickly down, seized the bottoms of their skirts, and lifted the garments up. Then, with their chests covered, and the rest of them bare, they walked demurely by the guardians of heaven's gates.

In both of these cases the same basic misunderstanding caused the action we label humorous. Elzida and the Polynesian girls shared a common misunderstanding of the white man's purpose in setting forth a rule of conduct for them, and the misunderstanding was based on a common lack—inability to conceive of a moral reason for the rule. Elzida could not imagine the law restraining her from revenge on a man who had cheated her, for the law in her mind was concerned with justice, and revenge is the essence of justice. Her arrest must have had to do, then, with something else—a breach of etiquette. She had used a weapon which the white man reserves for himself, an act analogous to sitting in the wrong seat on a bus. Very well then, she would not do it again. In the future she would employ the weapon allowed the Negro—a knife. Likewise the native girls on Guam could not imagine the concealment of their chests having anything to do with modesty, since the baring of them had never had anything to do with immodesty. It must have to do with something else, they reasoned, something they did not understand, but which it was not their privilege to question.

The contrast between these true tales and the manufactured Negro jokes of stage, screen, and radio, points up the real reason for the comedy which seems inherent in the Negro character: the difference in evolutionary status between the two races, the white and the black. In general the human ego develops from the unconscious to the conscious to the superconscious. The first, or unconscious state, is innocent. There is no individual ego manifesting; forms adhere to law without question or will. In the second, or conscious stage, the ego and will develop, and subjugation of environment becomes a driving force. Since all three stages represent a continuous movement, there is, in this middle period, a remembrance of the past and a vision of the future. Morality emerges as a way to the future and a safeguard against the past. In this dual role it becomes the most important aspect of conscious life. When it has succeeded in shaking off the past entirely it pulls the ego toward the final stage, wherein the identity of the individual, wrested at last from the unknowing sea of common force, is joined with the consciousness which directs that force, and partakes of it.

Morality, then, is an instrument for the advancement of man, and humor is one of its weapons. The goal is a state of being wherein the mind perfectly appreciates the wisdom of abjuring any differentiation from the plans and the laws of the Father-mind. This is the realm of the mystic and the saint, described and explained by Augustine in a single sentence, "Love, and then do what you will." Until such purity is reached the wisdom of it must be won and held by discipline. Morality directs the discipline, and keeps it achieved through habit. Lest the means be mistaken for the end, the form revered for the reality, humor stands guard. That is why we laugh when, as Bergson described it, the mechanical is encrusted on the living; when the freedom and grace of the spirit and body are reduced to the prepared reactions of a machine. Only when the high purpose for which it has been voluntarily undertaken is kept always in view is a habit commendable rather than laughable. And humor, being a spirit, is all-pervading. Thus the native girl who lifts her skirt to cover her bosom slyly pokes fun at the civilization which, covering the female breasts in the cause of modesty, thereby creates a curiosity about them which spawns, among other things, the brassiere industry. And Elzida's decision to stick to using a knife is no compliment to men who carry pistols for the purpose of shooting other men.

The whole operation of the comic spirit is most easily observable in the field where morals and manners intermingle. Take, for instance, the manners which have grown up around the



"My husband has no sales resistance."

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American divorce situation. Romantic fiction and Hollywood movies would have us believe that lovers who have decided to get rid of their respective mates and take up a life of true understanding together, traditionally abstain from anything more intimate than a tender look until the dissolutions are legal and the new union is accomplished according to the recognized rules. How does the Negro react to this fundamentally comical arrangement?

One morning not long ago I overheard two colored maids in conversation. They were taking their ease while looking after some white children. One of them, named Josephine, was telling the other, named Marylamb, about her most recent love problem.

> "So I says to him, I says, man, I says, you done put yo' feets in my face once too often," she related. "Then I gets that butcher knife I has and I chases him right out of the house, and I ain't never seed him since. But this time I got me a real divorce. I got me the papers. I done paid for it; a real divorce."
>
> "Thass fine," Marylamb said, "thass real fine." She was filled with admiration for her friend's new position in the world. "I done changed my man lots of time, but I ain't never had no real divorce. Yeah, thass fine. Thass real fine."

In her mind Josephine had risen to the social stature of a white woman.

This true and antiseptic humor of the Negro is not found, as Mr. Cohn pointed out, on the stage or radio, or in the movies. The manufactured article is not even an imitation; it is a series of gags based on the same superficial misunderstandings which provided the comical Irishman, German, Russian, etc., of a generation ago. These figures have vanished to a large extent, since their prototypes no longer exist among us in great number. The immigrant, unfamiliar with our language and our customs, is now a rarity. The comedy which resulted from his attempts to impose his native grammar and speech rhythms on spoken English, and his perpetuation among the American scene of Tyrolean group singing and Irish country dancing, is dead for lack of nutriment. It accomplished its purpose; it hastened the immigrant's conformity to his adopted tongue and culture. In its place there has arisen a parallel form—the humor of regional speech and regional customs. The goil from Brooklyn and the hillbilly from Arkansas have taken the place of the Mick who said, "Begorra" and the Dutchman who said, "Himmel." The conformity of these isolated pockets of folk culture to a national pattern will be speeded by this natural goad.

But that is a superficial problem. The Negro, with his humor and his religion, and the political, economic, and social problems he presents, prods deeper. His simple and fervent Christianity shames our sophisticated and well-watered version of the same sublime creed. His disfranchisement from the comforts and opportunities of our way of life is a raw cut on our conscience. And the humor which flows from his attempts to fathom our manners and morals is a cleansing and corrective agent which largely without our conscious knowledge tends to help us in our struggle with these labors of the spirit.

I cannot help adding at this point, as a final and crowning example of true Negro humor, a conversation which recently took place in a Florida city. Two colored girls were the participants.

> "What you doing here?" said the first one. "I thought you was up in Tarpon Springs with your man."
>
> "Oh, I was," said the second, "but I done come back here to be with my mother. She's real sick, and I got to be with her."
>
> "You done left your man?"
>
> "Oh, sho! You can get another man anytime, but you'll never have but one mother."

There was a period of silence, during which the recipient of this wisdom turned it over in her mind. Finally she spoke, in a reverent, awed tone.

> "Yeah," she said, "thass right. You can always get another man, but you won't never have but one mother."

As Euclid would say, Q.E.D.

THOMAS SUGRUE.

Letter from the Front

By M. C.

NOVEMBER. Nineteen forty-four. I write
Somewhere in the Pacific. Late last night
We stood beside the runway as the sky
Revealed another star that caught the eye
And moved, a plaything of celestial space,
Some impudence of man that braved the face
Of heaven. Lost in beauty and alone,
Usurping silence with an engine's drone,
It crossed the moon, absurd stiff wings outspread,
Its shadow flitting over all our dead.
A moment later as it touched the ground,
The plane nosed over. While we stood around
All helpless, gas burst into flame. One man
Within tore wide the hatch, leapt out and ran
For safety, staggering. The bombs let go
And blew him out a hundred feet or so.
We saw the tides of shattered darkness rear
Like stallions foaming with the sweat of fear,
While tongues of flames escaped like living things
And shot along the ground on thunder wings.
The man swept by in that fantastic light,
Gesticulating feebly in the night,
His arms and legs revolving as he fell
Like some mad dancer on the brink of hell.
And seeing him like that—a devil's joke,
A puppet, not a man—the tension broke.
There was a bellow of unbridled laughter
From the crowd . . . an awful silence after,
As sanity returned and each man knew
The comedy was death, the nightmare true.
From that time on the soldiers slipped away,
And I among them sought my tent and lay,
Just waiting for the first pale light of day.

You ask of war. Far better left unsaid
Remembering the faces of the dead.
There is no glory here, no flags on high,
No record of a lifetime passing by.
This is a world of ours, unknown, apart,
Where peace is strange and heart is bound to heart
By silence, while the lips say this and that,
Unmeaning as each day, essential, flat.
How can you know of pain that will not weep,
Of boredom, and the dreams of men asleep . . .
That load beneath which all of us have broken,
Or grown hard? Such things are lived, not spoken.

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

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A NEW WORLD FOR WRITERS

ABSORBED by or stunned by a war that has lasted almost six years and by the long years of uneasy peace that prefaced it, American writers and those who are beginning to write can look about them with the conviction that the end is now in sight. And the end for them of a great many things. If they are old enough to have passed through it they may have sloughed off the negativism of twenty years ago when, to quote the dead British airman, Richard Hillary, to whom Arthur Koestler dedicates his last book, intellectuals hovered between "a despised world they had come out of and a despising world they couldn't get into." The writers of the twenties attacked and destroyed; they literally had no bricks or cement with which to build.

It is an end also to the dilemma of whether to stay out of the fight, become escapists and romanticists and wind up in Hollywood, or depict realistically a disintegrating world. A great part of the world will be starving and in ruins when this war is finally over; but it will not be disintegrating, for no one will be in the mood for killing more people or burning more cities. The nations that are strong will have to build or perish. They will have to restore the cities and the economies of ruined countries abroad, and if they are to have peace and prosperity they will have to make their own countries strong and free. That is a different mood and a different world than our writers have known since the end of the First World War. It will be a good time for authors who have learned something about the danger of the fascist idea and about suffering humanity in the last ten years, and who have also learned that man is a political as well as a social and an economic being.

We need not return to the days of not so long ago when every novel was despised as worthless by a group of left-wing critics unless it was educationally and constructively proletarian and wearily depressing. A talented writer from the South, for example, will be more apt in the future to look at the valley of the Tennessee, its emerging farms and hopeful people, than to plunge into the immemorial woes of the deep South. But the writer's horizon will still be bounded by world politics and by internal political pressures. We shall never, perhaps, be able to imagine that we are free of them again. This country like the rest of the world will be a sounding board for debate. What form shall our society take, socialism, a limited planned economy, or free enterprise; how can we suppress racial hatreds; what must we think of world empires and subject races; what shall we do about the almost forgotten four freedoms, about Russia's growing strength, about China and the billion people who live in squalor across the Pacific? We are coming to a time when a riot in Bombay or a civil war in Mongolia will touch the nerve centers of Harlem or Washington. The writer will be steeped in politics up to the neck and, unfortunately, he will have to take sides on many questions about which he will know too little. Only the political philosopher who knows the truth that lies on both sides can intellectually rest in the middle. The rest of us will be swayed by our backgrounds, our training, and our emotions to be pro this and con the other. But that is not necessarily dangerous or unconstructive. It is natural to want to make strong that in which you believe and to oppose ideas that seem hostile or alien. Through it our writers may teach Americans to be logical and practical and not dangerously romantic and emotional dreamers.

It should be a happier world, too, in which fantasy and humor can flourish. It has been a long time since America has had a genuine humorist who is not at heart cynic or satirist. Indeed, how could thinking people be essentially happy when there was another world war on the horizon or when, later, bloodshed and destruction came to them hourly over the air or in the printed word. When those anticipated or present horrors are buried perhaps people can laugh again and maybe will even read poetry for a change.

It is a good profession to be an American writer today, and it will be even better in the future. It is almost unnecessary to say that the number of readers of books and magazines in this country has increased prodigiously since the war. Hundreds of thousands of civilians and of soldiers and sailors have learned to take pleasure in books and to buy them. There is a new publishing industry reprinting books at a low price by the millions. Scores of projects for new magazines and publishing houses will be launched when paper is available again, for (apart from newspapers) solid wealth is entering, or is contemplating the publishing business for the first time. Authors, good and bad, will be needed to fill millions of blank pages, and, if present prices paid by popular magazines are any criterion, the intelligent writer who has to live in the proverbial garret in the future will be hard to find. As for books, the publishers are now cheerfully paying advances to their authors that would have frightened them out of their wits ten years ago. And as a by-product Hollywood beckons like a siren across the continent with such prodigious payments for popular novels and plays that the writer may return and build his tennis court and swimming pool in Connecticut and Pennsylvania and have enough left for the income tax collector or even later for the sheriff. In the near future when a young man leaves college to write his first novel, his father and mother will not feel betrayed but may feel that he is entering a career that sometimes offers as much wealth in a few years as any other profession or business in the nation.

H. S.

Languages

By Philipp Flesch

PHRASES are lame,
metaphors stale,
idioms outworn,
grammars are frozen,
logics defective,
languages old,—
words are dust.

Poems are the whirls of the dust
raised by the wandering thought,
wandering towards the light,
towards the living breath.

Writing in the old languages
is like drawing in the dust.
Writing in the old languages
is like clattering with bones.

Where is the new tongue
for the new race?
Where is the new tongue
for the new songs?

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Off the Chest Dep't

SIR: For some time I have been mulling over certain grievances I have against *The Saturday Review*, until now, time having proved to my own satisfaction that my cause is just, I am bringing them to your attention in the hope that Something Will Be Done About It.

First, please tell all your men authors that they must never, never again have a picture taken with a pipe in their mouths. The uniformity of the pose is frightening.

And, then, please blue pencil all use of the phrase, "at long last." That undoubtedly represents a somewhat questionable romanticism, since, if I am correct, the phrase first became popular at the broadcast of King Edward's farewell re the woman he loved. Anyway, isn't it ungrammatical?

Next, will you please cut out talking about "the shape" of things. To anyone with a pictorial type of mind it is the kind of phrase that throws you into helpless confusion. To me the shape of the postwar world will be round, just like the prewar world, and the shape of our desires, or whatever, will resemble nothing more than some creation of Dali's, which can hardly be said to have a shape at all. Though the usage may be legal, I think it's unfair. And anyway, you've used it so much that it's hackneyed just like "at long last."

Oh! One more thing. Do your personals have to be crammed with so many "twentyish," "thirtyish," and "fortyish" people, especially "gals"? I know you don't have any control over this, but it worries me when I try to picture them. "Twentyish." Right away I'm suspicious. I bet she's thirty if she's a day. "Thirtyish." A wistful note there. She feels life is passing her by, but won't give up hope. "Fortyish." Trying to be frank, but can't quite work up to coming right out with the truth. Or maybe it's just the "ish" on the end that makes me feel squeamish.

BETSY INNES.
Davenport, Iowa.

"Report on the Russians"

SIR: Since Mr. Bennett Cerf, in your issue of May 19, states that those who have been demanding the suppression of William L. White's book on Soviet Russia will be much pleased with the publication of my book on the different peoples of the Soviet Union, I want to say that I am not at all pleased with anyone who tries to suppress books, either before or after publication. I support complete freedom of publication, especially when controversial or unpopular subjects are concerned, except in cases where a book violates criminal statutes or the law of libel.

While heartily disagreeing with Mr. White's "Report on the Russians," I believe in his freedom of opinion and right to criticize Soviet Russia or any other country. On the other hand, the severe criticisms of the White book are, I think, justified and legitimate. Certain of Mr. White's defenders, however, give the impression that such attacks are somehow contrary to the spirit of American civil liberties. Unfortunately many Americans, representing every shade of political opinion, have still to learn the meaning of true freedom of speech.

CORLISS LAMONT.
New York City.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"And unless that rent is paid by tomorrow you can go make gold someplace else."

A Word for "Free" Verse

SIR: Because I am afraid editors pay attention to the letters readers write, I think I had better say something about the letter from San Francisco in the July 1, 1944 issue. (It just came.)

In the name of Jean Jacques Rousseau (since it seems it has to be done in the "name" of something) please *do* publish verse that is eccentric, freakish in form, and obscure, whenever it happens that you get such that is also poetical.

St. Francis was eccentric, Jo March loved freakishness, and E. Coatsworth's beautiful humanity was obscure enough to my fifth graders without their good will. Since I take it that the intention of the *SRL* is no basic "reform" of the human spirit, I democratically raise my voice in favor of your allowing said spirit its day in print.

SGT. CALVIN GOOD.
Eq., 34th Inf. Div., APO-34
c/o Pm., New York, N. Y.

The Author of "Dixie"

SIR: Fie on know-it-all John T. Flanigan. Van Wyck Brooks is absolutely right in giving Albert Pike as the author of "Dixie" as anyone familiar with the South would know.

When the Confederacy accepted "Dixie" as the national anthem, most persons were dissatisfied with Dan Emmet's doggerel and Pike wrote the accepted war version. It can be found in any anthology of Southern war songs or poems.

W. EMERSON WILSON.
Wilmington 6, Delaware

Don't Mention It

SIR: Of course, many are the anecdotes about Mark Twain and his witticisms, but *SRL* readers may not have come across this one:

At a public dinner Mark Twain once sat next to a writer who had been very condescending to his friends ever since a play of his had scored a mild success on Broadway. During the evening he adjusted his monocle and turned to the humorist.

"By the way, Mr. Clemens," said he, "I drove by your house this morning."

"Thank you," replied Mark. "Thank you very much."

JAMES ALDREDGE.
Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

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TRADE Winds

"THE CUSTOMERS ALWAYS WRITE"

YOU WILL AGREE, I am sure, that top place in this week's column goes to Field Director Emory Ferree, Jr., of the American Red Cross, on active duty with the Marines in the Pacific, for the following report:

> For over a year I have tried to get my copies of *The Saturday Review* forwarded to me with discouraging lack of success. A week ago they arrived—ten months of them at one clip. Civilization in the boondocks, no less. The line of communication being thus reëstablished and feeling the urge to sound off, you are the unsuspecting victim.
>
> These Marines are a thing apart. After leaving civilian life I had several months' experience with the Army before assignment to the Marine Corps. That was when my education began. Paul Bunyan at his fanciest is no more incredible than these boys. Since I joined the outfit aboard ship on its way to the Pelelu invasion my initiation was sudden and overwhelming. The Army had not prepared me for the Marines.
>
> Probably the main difference is that of ages. The Marines are really youngsters. When voting arrangements were made last fall it was found that in one company only two men were old enough to vote—and they were all veterans of Guadalcanal. The very attributes and personality factors that make them volunteer for this service also make them the most unusual ground troops in the world. It is a deep subject and worthy of much discussion, but it would take a psychologist and a military man to do it justice. I am neither and go around in perpetual amazement in spite of the time I have lived with them.
>
> Arguments are perpetual. The subject matter is entirely immaterial. Logic is only a device of the Devil to confound properly thinking Marines. Volume and four-letter adjectives are greatly preferred to the Socratic method. No discussion is considered finished or won as long as the opponent is capable of further speech.
>
> My baptism occurred after about three days at sea. Your true Marine finds it impossible to take periods of inactivity silently. Three days aboard ship with nothing to do but eat, sleep, and write letters resulted in the ship's deck being a cross between an Irish Jacobs Beach and Hyde Park. The argument nearest me seemed to be the loudest and fastest. I didn't have to listen in—it was forced upon me. Two Marines very evidently from Brooklyn had cornered a lanky farm boy from Tennessee and were giving him a lesson in farm management. It was their contention that the only reason a farmer had a hard life was because of his stubborn insistence about keeping cows on a farm. If he would get smart and give up cows he could live the normal nine-to-five life of city dwellers. Everyone knew that you had to milk cows before daylight in the morning and after dark in the evening or they wouldn't give milk. Ergo—get rid of the cows and sleep until eight o'clock. The farm boy wagged his head in negation and tried to explain but with his Southern drawl they spoke two words to his one and with the two of them that made it four to one, so he mournfully subsided. The Brooklynites were giving an open instruction course on dairy operation to all who would listen when some doubter—probably from Jersey City—asked why the hell cows couldn't give milk in daylight. The answer was prompt—"They're too Goddam modest." I glanced at the Tennesseean. He had swallowed his chew and was feebly clutching the air.
>
> If you can stand it, I'll be sounding off to you periodically in the future.

Stand it! Clear the tracks for Mr. Ferree!

HERE IS A LETTER from Beatrice Kaufman, who once was in the publishing business herself (as editorial assistant at Boni and Liveright) and recently compiled the Woollcott Letters with Joe Hennessey:

> I wonder if publishers know how delighted the reading public is with the wonderful improvement in the format of books brought about by the Government's request to conserve essential materials? We are mad for their size now, and we hope never to have to move around again burdened by padded, bulky books of awkward size and annoying weight.

Mrs. Kaufman's letter is one of many I have received in similar vein. Another typical one, from Ernest Bishop in Los Angeles, reads "For one, I vote for the 'war books,' small, compact volumes that are pleasant to the eye, easy to hold, and space-saving on the shelves. Don't you publishers ever go back to that old, wasteful, and offensive format!"

In short, a move that publishers reluctantly made because of paper shortages has evidently delighted the general reading public. To my mind, our own Modern Library books always were the ideal format for new novels as well, but in common with all other publishers, I never had the nerve to put my theories into practice. When the war is over, books undoubtedly will be printed again on a more opaque, heavier weight paper, of an infinitely better quality than is feasible at present. Type and margins will be somewhat larger, too. Never again, however, should the public be subjected to those abominable over-bulked and padded monstrosities conceived by dimwits who were convinced that the American public bought literature by the pound!

FROM ANNE FORD, comely publicity director of Little, Brown:

> Pat De Silva, buyer of The Emporium in San Francisco, was visiting Little, Brown today, and among other things told us of some title mistakes which I thought would amuse you. A lady asked for "What Her Son Did to Me" when she meant "The Sun Is My Undoing"; "Under Cover" was asked for as Walter Winchell's book "Between the Sheets." Another lady waltzed up to the clerk, confessed her interest in cookbooks, and asked for "The Salad and the Sauce." After a while, it dawned on the clerk that she was thinking of "The Ballad and the Source." Ogden Nash's "I'm a Stranger Here Myself" became "I Wasn't There Either." She thinks you might like them for a light spring note.
>
> And today a lady wrote us for a copy of "Expectant Motherhood" but quickly because she was "refined in her bed."

FROM DICK WALSH, President of the John Day Company, and husband of Pearl Buck:

> Your story in *The Saturday Review* about Joseph Conrad reminds me of a thing that happened when Pearl Buck got the Nobel Prize for literature. So many people thought that she got it for "The Good Earth," that we sent out a statement of the actual fact that it was awarded for the body of her work. At least one bookseller wrote us that he had inquiries from customers for "The Body of Her Work" by Pearl Buck.

FROM NAOMI BURTON, of Curtis Brown, Ltd.:

> That blue light system to denote an occupied taxicab actually worked, and worked well, the last time I was in London. As I recall, the blue light was on when the cab was cruising,

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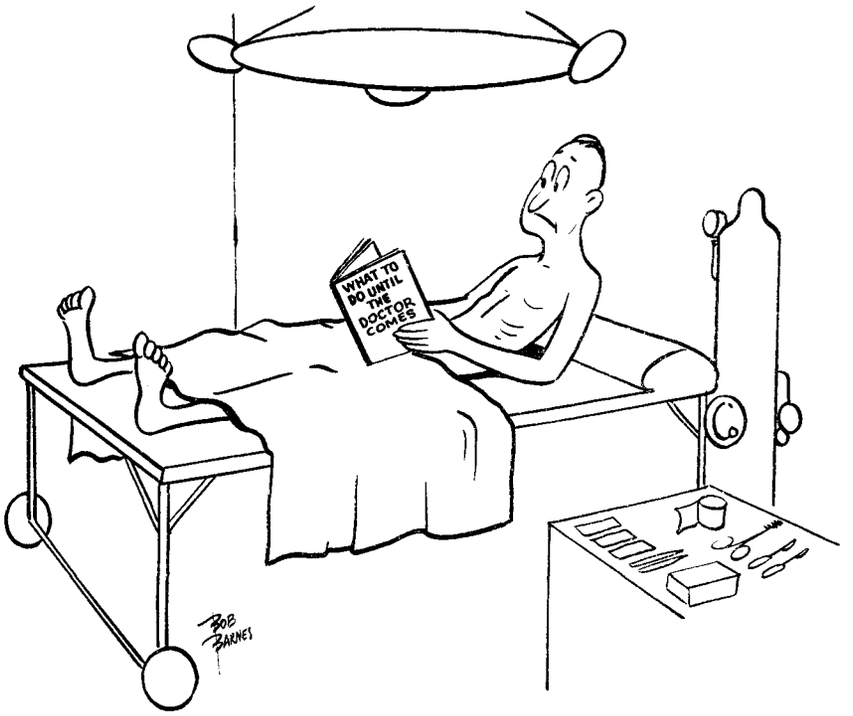


and was extinguished the moment the cab was occupied.

Hey, Mister Mayor, how about doing something about this in New York? And how about amending that rule about sharing cabs, particularly in crowded terminals, or when it's raining?

FROM HARRY RUBY, the man responsible for a great deal of the Marx Brothers material that people remember best:

> I bought a copy of your book at the Marion Hunter Book Shop. I told them to charge it. The owner said, "But you haven't paid for Boswell's 'Johnson' yet." "That's different," I said. "Boswell is dead." (He pretended to know that.) "Cerf *is* very much alive." (He pretended to know that, too.) "Why should I bother to pay for a book when the author isn't around to get his royalties? Cerf needs the money. What he gets from the *SRL* is eaten up by taxes on what he makes legitimately." So new customers out here no longer have to pay for books written by dead authors. This will kill off publishers who specialize in Chaucer, Dickens, etc., and make it better for those who level on Ruby, who, to avoid perjury, I have to admit is great. Which reminds me of the classic remark made by an old business associate of Irving Berlin when they feuded and broke up their partnership in the music business: "What has Berlin got to be stuck up about?" demanded this gent. "God gave him his talent." Love and kisses. . . .

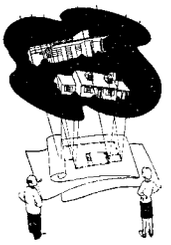
FROM LAWRENCE S. THOMPSON, apropos a discussion of unique bookbindings in "American Notes and Queries":

> Mr. Maurice Hammoneau of the Book Shop of the American Museum of Natural History informs me that he has bound in human skin one of the earliest American treatises on cutaneous diseases, published in the first decade of the last century. The book, he says, may be described as being bound in "full morocco" inasmuch as the skin belonged originally to a Moroccan mulatto. Human skin, he points out, resembles pig skin more than that of any other animal, because of the fact that both human beings and pigs (which have only bristles, no hair) are essentially hairless animals. Monkey skin, which is hairy, does not resemble human skin at all. Mr. Hammoneau is a tanner as well as a binder, and he tells me that he once made a purse for a physician's wife from that lady's own skin, removed from her body in the course of an operation. Mr. Hammoneau specializes in binding the works of explorers and members of the Museum in animal skins that are in keeping with their achievements. For example, he has bound Mrs. Martin Johnson's works in elephant skin which she herself supplied him; and when last I was in the Book Shop, scrap pieces from this skin were being sold for a few cents each. Mr. Hammoneau has also bound a copy of "Mein Kampf" in skunk skin.

MABEL DANA LYON reports a poignant incident in a Cairo hotel. The guests were awakened one night by wild screaming in the corridor, and discovered a beautiful damsel, in extreme negligee, fleeing madly from a gentleman who was, to put it bluntly, nude. The next day it developed that the impetuous Romeo was an English major, and he promptly was court-martialled. His lawyer won him an acquittal, however, by virtue of the following paragraph in the Army Manual: It is not compulsory for an officer to wear a uniform at all times, as long as he is suitably garbed for the sport in which he is engaged.

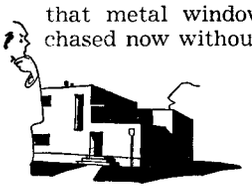
BENNETT CERF.

"From where I sit"



TOM CREIGHTON tells me that by now people are not only **Planning to Build,** they are building. Whether it's some guy from Amalgamated Tycoon wanting to contribute substantially to the new wing of an overcrowded hospital, or Mr. George Nondescript of 22,458,973 Emporia Blvd., whose asthmatic plumbing can be distinctly heard in the living room, and whose walls are anything but insulation against the fierce Nebraska winters,—the archaically-housed, therapeutically-overcrowded, dingily-lighted American is coming out of the hole he calls home after four years of patriotic hibernation, to take a look around. He is taking a look at his disintegrating community shadow and he sees that it has sagged, and cracked. He welcomes his fighting son back to a home town that is buried in soot. Somebody who is not a member of the Chamber of Commerce informs us that 7,000 tons of soot and dust settle on Chicago's roofs each fiscal soot year.

CREIGHTON tells me that the WPB has authorized the building of about half a million houses in various parts of the country, houses which are sorely needed. Previously none could be built unless they were directly connected with the war effort. And I hear that metal windows can be purchased now without a priority.



It is essential for anyone who is **Planning to Build** to read the book of the same name and shake its helping hand before the building boom hits its peak and you find yourself ploughed down and mowed under by unscrupulous real estate speculators, price-boosting contractors, spastic plastics, and wishy-washy architects with a flair for quaint Bronxville Tudor and a mouthful of solar-hotair.

paul

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

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Seeing Things

CLOUDS OF GLORY

WE, who are parents, have all been doing it lately. It is part of the season; as inevitable as the robin's return. With scores of other parents, all of us have been crowding in the school gymnasium or assembly room for those exercises which mean that summer vacation has once again overtaken us and our children.

I say THE school because for us, who are not educators, there is only one school at present. And that is the school to which our child goes. There is another. But since it belongs to the past, he cannot be expected to know about it. It is beyond his imagination. Almost beyond ours, too. Accordingly, we do not talk about it. Even so it refuses to remain silent. It is the school each of us went to when we were his age.

We have not thought about it for years. It seemed as lost to us as a view which has slipped by many miles back on a fast-moving train.

Yet suddenly the room we used to sit in, that very junior classroom when we were his age, has superimposed itself upon our vision. The little desks which to us seemed so large. The blackboards which deceived us only by persuading us that all mistakes could be erased. George Washington, looking so pink and white and noble within a black frame, with only his lips puckered uncomfortably. The picture, given by a previous class, of violent flowers blooming violently in a high Alpine valley. Yes, and the teacher. What was her name? I mean the one we had when we, too, were eight. She taught us so much that we cannot have forgotten her name. But we have. Miss —— Miss ——. Oh, yes. Oh, yes, indeed, Miss G——.

All of these, plus friends, close friends, seen as they were then because, though we felt our living depended upon them, most of them we have not seen since—all of these images have appeared in the already crowded gymnasium. Not taking solid form. No. As fragments. As transparencies. But inhabiting the room and jostling the grown-ups.

On entering the gym, facing those other parents who know us not by our names but only by his name, as *his* parents, we have felt foolish. Both out of place and out of scale. Astonished to find that he already has a full world which we cannot share. Chagrined to discover that we cannot recapture the vanished world which was ours when we were no more venerable than he.

Before and after we sit down on those uncomfortable collapsible wooden chairs, we have the preliminary talks with other fathers and mothers. A goodly number of them have turned out. Men who have stolen away from their offices for an hour or two. Women who have done their ordering early.

A few of the men are in uniform, just back from overseas as their ribbons proclaim. Their happiness is not hidden. Neither is the incredulity they feel at finding that this other world of unblighted childhood still exists. But all of us grown-ups—even those who happen to be friends—have not met as friends this morning. We have met as parents. And in their hearts parents are not always friendly even to their oldest friends, if they too happen to be parents. We are beaming. Each and every face wears that special parental smile.

We wait until nearly all the chairs reserved for adults are filled. We cannot help laughing when a few mothers and fathers, who come in late, sneak as guiltily into the gym as years ago, when tardy, they used to tiptoe into their classrooms. The school atmosphere is contagious; childhood habits can be stubborn.

Although, while waiting, we appear to be looking straight into our neighbors' faces as we talk to them, we are not really seeing them any more than they are seeing us. All of our eyes keep wandering to the door through which he will march with his class.

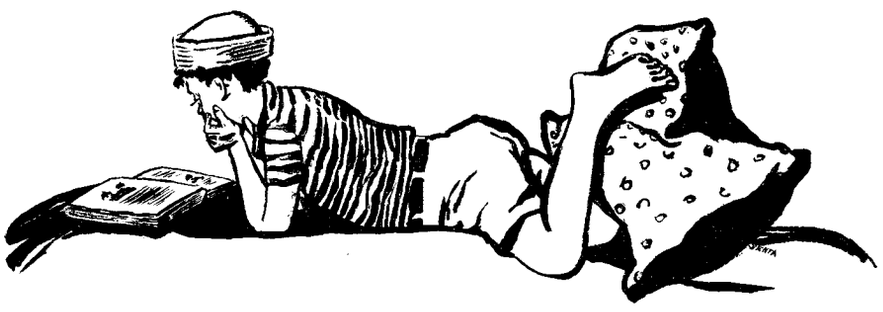
We are wondering if he will see us. We are hoping that he will. At last the moment comes when on the stairs we recognize some of his friends. The sound of them machine-gunning one another in our front hall during a birthday party still rattles in our ears. Then he comes in, and all the rest of the picture blurs for every parent there.

He spots us as quickly as we spot him. Although he won't quite disown us, we embarrass him. He smiles so that his missing tooth shows. We smile no less foolishly so that all our teeth show. We share his embarrassment until we suddenly discover that every parental head around us is bobbing up and down and grinning as ridiculously as ours is. And that every little boy is scanning the audience, in this meeting of the three junior grades, and indulging in precisely the same happy simpers that he is.

Much as we may try to stifle them, the parental emotions last throughout the exercises. When the prizes and honors are being distributed, all of us keep hoping, against reason, that he will be named each time. We listen expectantly. We applaud, and applaud sincerely, when time after time some other boy is named. We even nod our heartfelt congratulations to the parents. Yet each of us is mildly and foolishly disappointed. Until his name is at last called out. Then we hear it with our hearts rather than our ears. And we pretend not to look as absurdly proud as we feel.

There are many, many moments, when, in spite of ourselves and not only because of him, all of us find our eyes filled, our throats hurting. No tragedy is more moving in its misfortunes than youth is in its lack of them; in its innocence, in its faith, its wonder, its trust, its unsmudged radiance, its unawareness of what will overtake it, and the impossibility of our foreseeing or forestalling what must be.

THE helplessness of parenthood is its chief anguish. Another source of sorrow is the realization that, though one may soften, no one can ever receive the blows intended for another. Even at eight, boys stand alone in the world, though they neither know it nor suspect it, and we console ourselves by pretending this is not true. Even at that age, when they leave the classroom they have relished this year for the untried one which will house them in the fall, they have had a preview of that bitter reality which condemns what has been from ever being again, at least precisely as it was. It is the intimations of mortality, not



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Music by Richard Rodgers — Book & Lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein 2nd — Directed by Rouben Mamoulian—Dances by Agnes de Mille
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St. James Thea. W. 44. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

Tallulah
BANKHEAD
in PHILIP BARRY'S
FOOLISH NOTION
HENRY HULL • DONALD COOK
Directed by JOHN C. WILSON
Martin Beck Thea. W. 45. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

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ELLIOTT NUGENT • BETTY FIELD • AUDREY CHRISTIE
ALFRED de LIAGRE, Jr., presents
the Voice of the Turtle
by JOHN VAN DRUTEN
K. T. STEVENS • HUGH MARLOWE • BETTY LAWFORD
CHICAGO — Selwyn Theatre

Have YOU seen them in
LIFE WITH FATHER?
EMPIRE THEATRE, B'way at 40th St.

MICHAEL TODD presents
"UP IN CENTRAL PARK"
Book by HERBERT & DOROTHY FIELDS • Lyrics by DOROTHY FIELDS • Music by SIGMUND ROMBERG
CENTURY THEATRE, 7th AVE. & 59th ST. • Mats. Wed. & Sat.

immortality, that devastate parents in the presence of their young.

To hear the Oath of Allegiance repeated before the flag by small boys without any awareness of how final the future responsibilities of that oath may be for them is to have the heart tugged violently. To hear "Onward Christian Soldiers" sung in high, uncertain voices by youngsters to whom war is a delectable game to be played at, because they cannot comprehend pain and have not yet been forced to recognize death, is to have one's self-possession challenged. To listen to these same voices, and look upon these same faces, untroubled and unsuspicious, as these children sing "And crown Thy good with brotherhood From sea to shining sea," is to know how pulverizing goodness itself can be.

No book about world organizations, no plan to have emerged from any conference, makes the dream of peace seem as blessed, or its need as imperative, as one of these simple exercises at which he and his friends are present—they who may yet be the victims of an uncertain but avoidable future. Alexander, Caesar, Napoleon, Napoleon III, and Hitler—all of them were childless, at least when they first disrupted their worlds. The conquerors should be compelled to attend such exercises as these and see, not other people's sons for whom they have no regard, but their own unexpendable children take part. The peace-planners, too, who are apt to bargain and wrangle at the cost of future deaths, might likewise benefit by being forced from time to time to foregather at one of these simpler assemblies.

For in many ways youth has more to teach its parents than to learn from them. The real savages are the old, not the young. Much of what the young learn from their elders they acquire at their peril. The world's tragedy is that it must be grown up; in other words, that it must be run by men who, though they know much, have forgotten what they were in their youth.

JOHN MASON BROWN.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 583)

RUSSELL DAVENPORT:
MY COUNTRY

Spirit of man: Founder of Liberty!
.....
If by resolution we who live
Can reinspire the faint and mangled truths
Of human liberty, let us henceforth
Be as resolved and desperate in our course
As the immense and undeflected stars. . . .

Richard Rodgers & Oscar Hammerstein 2d present
MADY CHRISTIANS • OSCAR HOMOLKA
in JOHN van DRUTEN'S
I REMEMBER MAMA
from Kathryn Forbes' 'Mama's Bank Account'
with JOAN TETZEL
MUSIC BOX, W. 45th St. • Matinees Thurs. & Sat.

NEW YORK'S NO. 1 MUSICAL HIT!
ON THE TOWN
ADELPHI, 54 St. E. of B'y. Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.
Moves June 5 to Air Conditioned 44th St. Theatre

BROCK PEMBERTON presents
Frank Fay in "Harvey"
A New Comedy by MARY CHASE
with JOSEPHINE HULL
Directed by ANTOINETTE PERRY
48th St. Thea. E. of B'y. EVGS. 8:40. MATS. WED. & SAT.

THE LATE GEORGE APLEY
MAX GORDON presents
By JOHN P. MARQUAND & GEO. S. KAUFMAN
with LEO G. CARROLL
Janet BEECHER Percy WARAM Margaret DALE
LYCEUM THEA. 45th St. E. of B'way. CH 4-4256
Evgs. 8:40 Mats. WED. & SAT. at 2:40

DEFINITELY CLOSING JUNE 9
KATHARINE CORNELL BRIAN AHERNE
The BARRETTS of WIMPOLE STREET
with McKay MORRIS • Brenda FORBES
BARRYMORE, W. 47 St. Evgs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

LELAND HAYWARD presents
FREDRIC MARCH in
A Bell for Adano
by PAUL OSBORN
from JOHN HERSEY'S Pulitzer Prize Winning Novel
with MARGO
Directed by H. C. POTTER
CORT Thea., W. 48th St. Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"BEST MUSICAL IN YEARS."—Lyons, Post
BLOOMER GIRL
with CELESTE HOLM
MARGARET DOUGLASS JOAN McCRACKEN DAVID BROOKS DOOLEY WILSON
Music by HAROLD ARLEN Lyrics by E. Y. HARBURG
Book by SIG HERZIG and FRED SAIDY
Based on the play by LILITH & DAN JAMES
SHUBERT Theatre, W. 44th St. CI. 6-5990
Evgs. 8:30. Matinees Wed. and Sat. 2:30

Eddie DOWLING & Louis J. SINGER present
LAURETTE TAYLOR and EDDIE DOWLING in
THE GLASS MENAGERIE
A new play by TENNESSEE WILLIAMS
with Julie HAYDON • Anthony ROSS
PLAYHOUSE THEA. W. 48 St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

BUY WAR BONDS

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LOUIS SOBOL, *N. Y. Journal-American*

DAVID NIVEN
IN G. C. F's
THE WAY AHEAD
A TWO CITIES FILM
Released by 20th Century-Fox
VICTORIA BROADWAY and 46th STREET

Coal Gestapo in Pennsylvania

COMING HOME. By Lester Cohen. New York: The Viking Press. 1945. 378 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by PHIL STONG

MANY writers have objected to the unholy alliance of Pennsylvania politics and Pennsylvania heavy industry and this is a natural metier for the author of "Sweepings." It is, perhaps, a little bit too natural, for the author draws a picture as gruesome as anything since *The New York World* gave a detailed report on the activities of the Pennsylvania Iron and Coal Gestapo some fifteen years ago. However, a report is one thing and a novel is another.

—*Arni*

Lester Cohen

Joe Drew, on his last night before going to the South Seas with his Marine outfit, encounters an old sweetheart near a park which offers many places of seclusion. He goes on to Guadalcanal and the girl, naturally, has a baby.

Stell goes to the local political boss, Stoney Pike, to arrange for some kind of social assistance. Stoney is an odd combination of sadist and satyr who "propositions" her in no obscure terms; when she refuses him he has her father discharged from his job with Osmond works and has her discharged from her department store job. She goes back to Stoney with an appeal for the jobs and he makes an appointment for his apartment. Stell, with incredible naivete, keeps the appointment without carrying so much as a sling shot, and, of course, Stoney rapes her.

Joe returns from Guadalcanal wounded, as a lot of fictional war heroes are going to be, just enough to get his discharge but not enough to make any difference to his action in the story. He hears about the baby and the assault and immediately beats the daylights out of Stoney. Stoney has him arrested, but the case comes before the only honest judge in Pittsburgh and, so, occupies a fair part of the book.

He is found guilty, but while he is in the custody of his attorney, before sentence, he manages to find enough other victims of Stoney's tastes to have the "Squire," for all his 16,000 expendable votes, indicted on thirty-three counts, with no doubt about a conviction. The Squire then turns to his principal, Osmond, of the plants, for succor, but the thing is too big even for Osmond. This is something Stoney cannot believe, so he brings a little pressure by disclosing that he has evidence that Osmond has given instructions to pass cracked plates to the Government.

Osmond solves this dilemma in a direct and simple fashion; Joe and Stell are married and virtue—not too much of it—and justice triumph, except that the Mephistopheles of the piece, Osmond, comes out with colors flying even to buying Joe's inventions and giving him a job as a research engineer. Joe rationalizes his surrender and the book ends with this unpardonable paragraph:

"And always and eternally, life begins."

The "And" connects with absolutely nothing; also, "always" and "eternally" seem to mean much the same thing; finally, so what?

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 102

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer to No. 102 *will be found in the next issue.*

GL NB YVHG PMLDOVWTV,
GSV LMOB MLFMH FHRMT
IIS RM LMV HBOOZYOV
ZIV XZGZIIS ZMW NBIIS.—
XLMGIRYFGVW YB VOOVM
QZMV KLIGVI.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 101

FOR RHETORIC, HE COULD NOT
OPE HIS MOUTH, BUT OUT
THERE FLEW A TROPE.
—SAMUEL BUTLER
—HUDIBRAS.

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Books off the beaten track

Looking for a Bluebird

by Joseph Wechsberg

"An account of delicious failures, amusing contretemps amusingly handled, personalities adept at avoiding prolonged toil, peeps behind the scenes. The setting is international, the atmosphere distinctly bohemian . . . And a peculiarly serene but penetrating sense of the comic enlivens the whole." — *N. Y. Herald Tribune*

$2.50

The Small Back Room

by Nigel Balchin

"In an expertly written novel of wartime England, Nigel Balchin has combined a savage attack on British Civil Service bureaucracy-as-usual, a number of believable characters, and a palpitating climax . . . guaranteed to throw any reader into a cold sweat."—*N. Y. Times*

$2.50

Sleep in the Sun

by Alan Moody

"Shack-town Shangri-La . . . Alan Moody captured much of the authentic Latin atmosphere that is still to be found in out-of-the-way spots in California . . . There is plenty of native charm and humor in this delightful collection of tales . . . "—*Chicago Daily News*

$2.00

Tell Sparta

by A. C. Sedgwick

"This is first-hand stuff; this book is alive . . . Mr. Sedgwick writes of the Greek war against the Italians with something that must be very close to Greek heart's-blood and Greek fire and color, and when he writes of a sandstorm in the Libyan desert you can feel the sand in your ears."—*Lewis Gannett, N. Y. Herald Tribune*

$2.50

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The Raging War of Values

NO VOICE IS WHOLLY LOST: Writers and Thinkers in War and Peace. By Harry Slochower. New York: Creative Age Press. 1945. 404 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by JOSEPH FREEMAN

THIS pioneer book on the spiritual maladies and promises of our time, as they appear in American and European writers, is a thesis rather than a search. Dr. Slochower sees the intellectual deluge first as a historic drama in three parts: the breakup of timeless feudal certainties and the birth of Western man with his hope in freedom, individualism, science, the machine, and capital; the period of saturation in which the free market has completed its time; and the "resolution" in World War I, when the prevailing system turned on itself.

This era closed with revolutions in Russia and Central Europe and formed the prelude to the present period, also divided into three acts: the violent reaction of Black and Brown fascism against "the spectre of international socialism"; the vacillations of the "liberal mind living in the capitalist democracies" between supporting and opposing this counterattack; and the third act, which, for Dr. Slochower, begins with the entry of Russia and the United States into World War II.

With this starting point, the book becomes a philosophy of history in which man's spirit in general and literature in particular are often only political factors. When Dr. Slochower leaves the Procustean bed of practical politics and the necessary slogans of the moment—here today and gone tomorrow—he penetrates clearly into some of the chaos and creation around us. He knows the illness has been gathering for a long time, recorded and announced by Van Gogh, Gaugin, Balzac, Dostoievsky, Rolland, and other seers, great and small. The major theme of contemporary literature, he observes, is "discontinuity and solitude"; the major interest, the problem of the homeless wanderer—Ulysses, Hamlet, Joseph, the Okies. He knows, too, that today every sensitive writer is an exile, whether an expatriate like Eliot, Stein, and Thomas Mann or living at home as an alien.

Dr. Slochower attempts to describe the various attempts of art, literature, and philosophy to come to terms with this crisis. The result is a provocative array of modern ideas beginning with Nietzsche and "the last Hindenburg line of cultural individualism" and ending with Thomas Mann and "the ideas of universal culture." Between these is the immense swell and fall of key ideas and personalities. It is a cyclorama in which Schnitzler, Huxley, and Hemingway appear as the protagonists of bohemian freedom; Dewey, Gide, Silone, and Dos Passos operate on uncertainty as a principle; Stefan Zweig, Toller, and Richard Wright resist the fascist Styx; Céline and Thomas Wolfe wander in cosmic exile; and Kafka suffers crucifixion.

Against this surrender of absolutes is the embrace of absolutes by exponents of the imaginative metaphor like Gaugin, Hamsun, and Lawrence; the Catholic return to status by Maritain, Belloc, Claudel, Barrès, and Undset; Proust's esthetic redemption; the aristocratic transcendence of Eliot and Stefan Georg, and the democratic transcendence of Rainer Maria Rilke. Fascism is reappraised as the systematization of confusion, with Hauptmann and Fallada revealing the alienation of art. There is a midway passage in which Werfel and Asch, poets of spiritual Judaism, yearn for status; while Joyce and O'Neill quest for Everyman and Odets struggles up from the lower depths.

It is at once a stirring exposition of the figures and concepts that make our literature; a drama of man's spirit today; and a quasi-religious eschatology. Creation, original sin, the fall —then redemption. Dr. Slochower sees the "good news" in the Marxist idea of the universal man. The literary prophets are Shaw, Arnold Zweig, Feuchtwanger, Heinrich Mann, Brecht, and Anna Seghers; the fulfilment is in the communal personality of Soviet literature; the American promise is in Steinbeck.

From this secular prelude, Dr. Slochower moves to transfiguration by estrangement. Man's outer and inner worlds appear as the clash and congruence between Marx and Freud. Thomas Mann is the prophet of universal culture; André Malraux the apostle of man's hope. The author himself names the promise "dialectic humanism." The goal is the "interplay between individual genius and public organization—a symphony of voices where each singer carries his individual tune and where each tune merges into the total melody."

In the raging war of values, this book will rouse adherence and opposition, but it cannot be ignored. Learned, solid, wide in scope, intense in analysis, often wise, always ethical, it is the first wartime attempt—and a very stimulating one—to understand contemporary chaos and chart emerging roads to the organic, creative possibilities ahead.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

CHARACTERS CONCERNED WITH BRIDGES

The ten characters in this week's quiz (suggested by Pfc. Thomas Dume, of Reading, Pennsylvania) were more or less concerned with bridges. How many of them can you identify? Allowing 5 points for each character you can name, and another 5 for the story or author, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, and 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 27.

1. With the help of two companions, this hero held an invading army at bay at the far end of a bridge while the near end was being cut away.
2. Fighting with the Spanish Loyalists, this American successfully blew up a strategic bridge but lost his life as a consequence.
3. About to be hanged by Union soldiers from a railroad bridge over an Alabama creek, this Southerner imagined for a moment that he had escaped.
4. Seeing five persons fall to their death when a suspension bridge broke as they were crossing gave this Franciscan monk an opportunity to make theology an exact science by finding out why they were doomed to die at that moment.
5. This famous traveler was a passenger on a train that just managed to cross a disintegrating suspension bridge by going at 100 miles an hour.
6. In a snowstorm this little girl wandered halfway across a bridge and then fell off.
7. A freshly chipped place on the side of a stone bridge was the clue that enabled this sleuth to deduce that a supposed murder was really suicide.
8. At midnight on London Bridge this girl met and gave necessary information to some people who were trying to establish the identity of an orphan they had befriended.
9. When this famous outlaw met a tall stranger in the middle of a narrow foot bridge they fought with clubs for the right of way until the outlaw was knocked into the creek.
10. On a plank bridge over a small stream this circus equestrian and his fellow workers fought off some tough members of a rival circus who were bent on destruction.

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A Moats-Spain and a Moats-Paris

NO PASSPORT TO PARIS. By Alice-Leone Moats. New York: G. P. Putman's Sons. 1945. 275 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by ELLIOT PAUL

I GATHER from reading both of Miss Moats's books, "Blind Date With Mars" and this one, that she is a tall, good-looking blonde, quite sure of her social position, with a malicious ready wit, and lots of nerve bolstered up by her confidence in sex appeal. That she has ever been or ever will be able to understand what goes on in the minds or lives of the submerged and suffering millions, either in Europe or elsewhere, is not indicated by her works. I do not mean by this that they are not interesting, often stimulating, reading. Also they contain many isolated and unrelated scraps of information or observation that may prove useful.

Just what kind of mentality is necessary in order for a person to boast that the Duke of Alba, in Spain, is "an old friend of my mother's," and accept his slimy hospitality with good grace, and then get all hot and bothered in meeting Henri Haye in Paris and hearing him say, about America: "My experience was so dreadful that I don't wish to talk about it"?

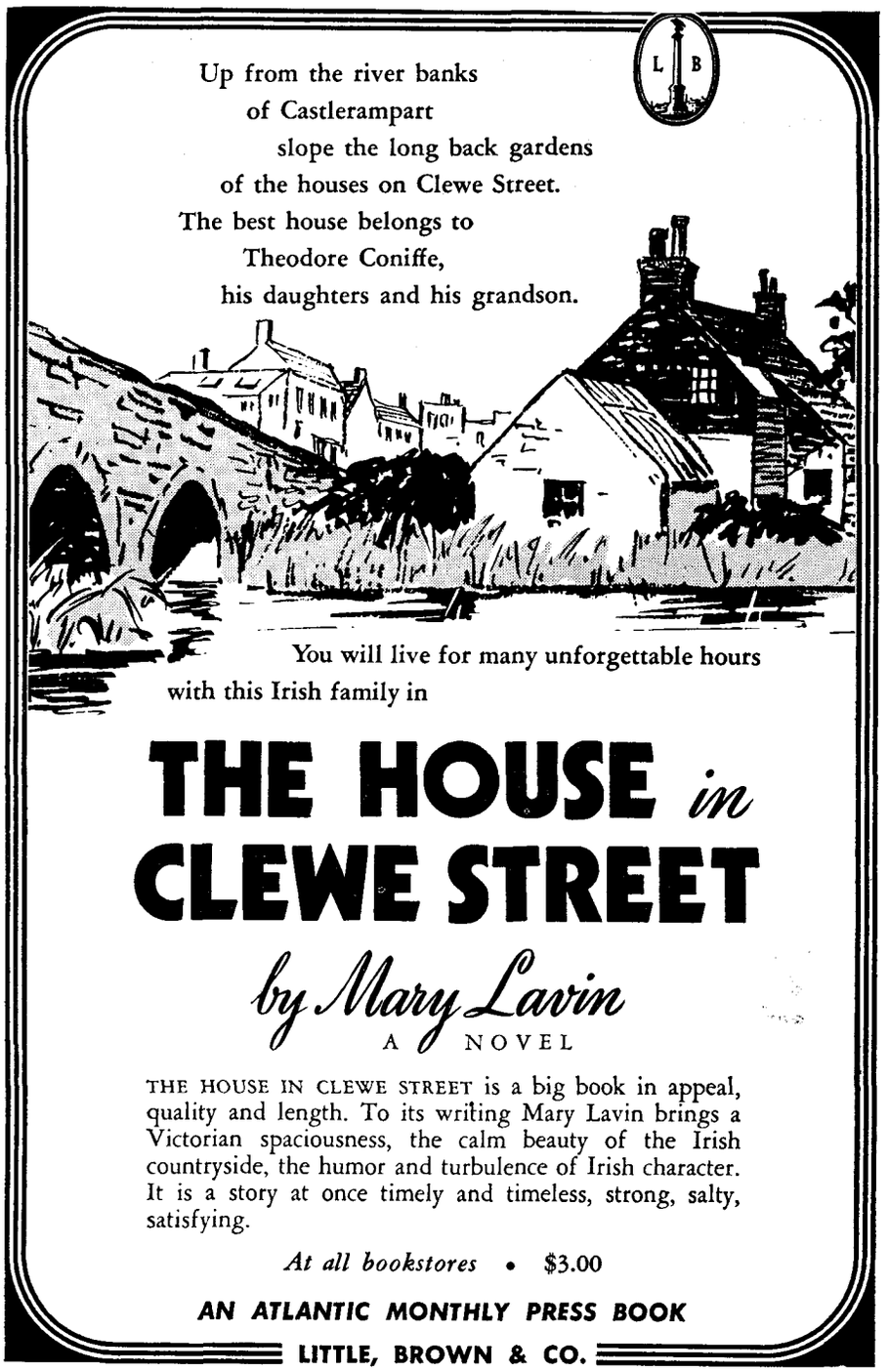
The adventure in what Miss Moats conceives to be Spain is the more harmful of the two, the second taking place in a Moats-Paris. She fell in with a gang of monarchists whose only prop in sustaining their myth of aristocratic superiority to mankind was a half-hearted snubbing of Franco, when the Generalissimo was not present. It is unlikely that now or at any other time active Republicans would reveal themselves to Miss Moats. And she escapes many things because of the innate racial tenderness all Spaniards feel for blondes.

The feeling one gets from the book is that Miss Moats is anxious to convey that collaborationists, fascists, anti-democrats, and other totalitarian ladies and gentlemen are just folks, after all, and one should not be squeamish about them. Her view is shared by a vast majority of ignorant Americans who have not seen, first-hand, the work of the Franco butchers, or Hitler sadists, or Mussolini degenerates. Those who have stayed at home, particularly in the Middle West where education has to be acquired without benefit of coastline, are not as much to blame as this young woman who has travelled much, and has caused diplomatic and consular officials of several lands no end of inconvenience. I like this best about her. That is her useful function.

In the blurb it is stated that Miss Moats "speaks five languages with great fluency." I am sure the word "great" is used advisedly. Even in her own prose, her tongue is seldom still.

The fact that the world is so full of Moats and Carleton Hayes and Ellery Sedgwicks makes it fairly clear that there will be little social progress as a result of World War II. They have no effect on the suffering Europeans, except to encourage and justify the vultures who prey upon them.

I remember how, during the Nazi-fascist invasion of Spain which Miss Moats refers to as the Spanish war, the former editor of *The Atlantic Monthly* was taken on a junket through Franco territory and returned with glowing tales of Franco's achievements. Now Mr. Sedgwick had been living in Boston nearly all his long life without having the slightest idea as to what was going on there. Unfortunately, the citizens outside of Boston did not know that, and many took him seriously. Neither in time of peace or war are jerks innocuous.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William Shakespeare Speaks on V-E Day

By Robert Wiston Babcock

Enter three lords talking; the first calm with "the native hue of resolution"; the second "beguiled with" "cozening hope"; the third "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought."

3 LORD:
I hear there is an overture of peace.

1 LORD:
Nay, I assure you, a peace concluded.
The word of peace is render'd: hark how they shout.

All's Well That Ends Well
II Henry IV

2 LORD:
The time of universal peace is near:
Prove this a prosperous day, the three-nook'd world
Shall bear the olive freely. What say'st thou?

Antony and Cleopatra
Othello

3 LORD:
I see some sparks of better hope, which elder years
May happily bring forth. Yet am I sick
With fear: policy sits above conscience.
Let me put in your minds, if you forget,
The dangers of the days but newly gone,
Whose memory is written on the earth
With yet-appearing blood, and the examples
Of every minute's instance, present now.

Richard II

Timon of Athens
Richard III
II Henry IV

2 LORD:
Show a merry cheer. Their memory
Shall as a pattern or a measure live.

Merchant of Venice

3 LORD:
So said, so done, is well. But man, proud man,
Drest in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he's most assured,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
As make the angels weep. War! War! no peace,
If the interim be but a se'ennight;
Find we a time for frighted peace to pant,
And breathe short-winded accents of new broils,
The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit
Up to the ears in blood. 'Tis destiny
Unshunnable, like death.

The Taming of the Shrew

Measure for Measure

King John
As You Like It
I Henry IV
Othello

2 LORD:
If we can make our peace
Upon such large terms and so absolute
As our conditions shall consist upon,
Our peace shall stand as firm as rocky mountains.

II Henry IV

1 LORD:
The time is yet to come that we can say
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths;
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments;
Our stern alarums changed to merry meetings,
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.

Richard III

2 LORD:
Come, you are too severe a moraler.
Men at some time are masters of their fates.

Othello
Julius Caesar

3 LORD:
What fates impose, that men must needs abide.

III Henry VI

2 LORD:
Purge this black despair! The fated sky
Gives us free scope, only doth backward pull
Our slow designs when we ourselves are dull.
Prithee, man, look cheerly. Doubt not but success
Will fashion the event in better shape
Than I can lay it down in likelihood.

II Henry VI
All's Well That Ends Well
Timon of Athens
Much Ado About Nothing

3 LORD:
Hope not after it. Let our just censures
Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious soldiership. I trust thee not.
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate;
But certain issues strokes must arbitrate.

As You Like It
Macbeth
As You Like It
Macbeth

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The Ups and Downs of Czech Letters

HUNDRED TOWERS. A Czechoslovak Anthology of Creative Writing. Edited by F. C. Weiskopf. New York: L. B. Fischer. 1945. 275 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by ROBERT PICK

IN ancient Czech the same word *jazyk* denotes both "nation" and "language." From their very historical beginnings the Czechs have always been a highly literary-minded people. In an introductory sketch (which somewhat oversimplifies historical matters) the editor of this slender anthology retraces the ups and downs of Czech letters, and tells of the amazing tenacity with which that westernmost Slav tribe for two, as indeed three, centuries withstood the denationalizing efforts of the Vienna court. From Comenius (whose name has recently been recalled to English-speaking people by a commemorative publication of Oxford University and Alexander Meiklejohn's magnificent study) to T. G. Masaryk, Czech learning and thinking have so greatly contributed to Western scholarship that the literature of that "unholy and rebellious nation" really deserves a place of its own among the writings of small European peoples.

The present anthology, confined to twentieth-century material, suffers from two shortcomings common to all such books. Space limits the contributors to a few pages each; and the enterprise itself as Mr. Weiskopf admits with disarming frankness is "by its very nature fragmentary and partial." Yet there is quite enough here to be thankful for. There is, above all, a piece by Jaroslav Hasek, the immortal author of "Good Soldier Schweik," one of the truly great writers of this century; there are two *feuilletons* by Carel Capek, better known as a playwright in this country—both dealing with Masaryk; there are four pages of first-rate prose by Joseph Capek, Carel's brother and his collaborator on the famous "Life of Insects"; there is a short story by Egon Hostovsky who, now living in this country, is in many quarters regarded as one of the literary hopes of renascent Czechoslovakia; there is a poignant novelette by Jan Olbrecht, a social writer of typically Slav power; and there is a charming small-town tale by Vladislav Vancura, who in 1942 died at the hands of the German oppressors. Of the Slovak authors included, the late Martin Kukucin, with a sketch of village life under the Austro-Hungarian regime, bears witness to the fact that Slovak writing has made strides since Count Tisza, in 1875, informed the Budapest parliament that there was "no such thing as a Slovak people." Samples of poetry, interspersed with the prose, may lift slightly the veil which necessarily covers foreign verse for strange readers.

It is not easy to find a common denominator for what is offered as representative in this volume—except, perhaps, a certain directness and that unaffected nearness to folk ways which was already noted in Czech literature by Herder and Goethe at a time when the *vlastenci,* the nineteenth-century "friends of the national language," had not yet begun to rebuild the literary heritage of Comenius's nation.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. "Horatius," by Thomas Macaulay. 2. Robert Jordan, in "For Whom the Bell Tolls," by Ernest Hemingway. 3. Peyton Farquhar, in "An Occurrence at Owl Creek Bridge," by Ambrose Bierce. 4. Brother Juniper, in "The Bridge of San Luis Rey," by Thornton Wilder. 5. Phileas Fogg, in "Around the World in Eighty Days," by Jules Verne. 6. "Lucy Gray," by William Wordsworth. 7. Sherlock Holmes, in "Thor Bridge," by Conan Doyle. 8. Nancy, in "Oliver Twist," by Charles Dickens. 9. Robin Hood. 10. "Chad Hanna," by Walter Edmonds.

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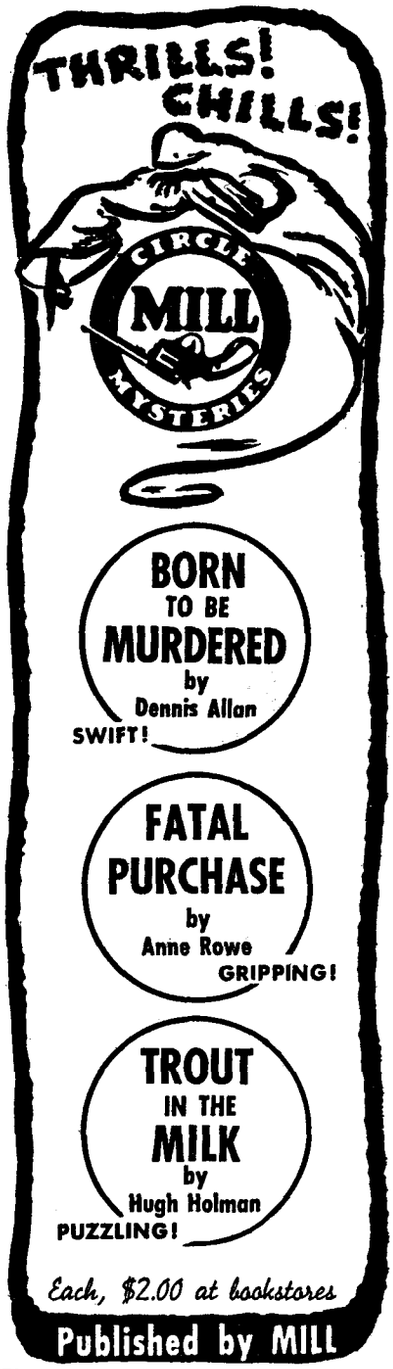

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Woman Owns House and Vice Versa

MRS. HERIOT'S HOUSE. By Barbara Webster. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1945. 220 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by RICHARD A. CORDELL

THIS is a completely charming little story of a year on a farm in the beautiful hill country of Pennsylvania. Mrs. Heriot takes advantage of her widowhood and the death of her mother to realize her dream—a little house in the country where she can live simply and richly, and have time to savor the fruity dailiness of life. She finds what she wants—a crazy-built little stone house with a sturdy charm, surrounded by a hundred semi-tamed acres which are hers to stare at and tramp over. With the little estate comes Doris, a taciturn, enigmatic Negro girl, who has worked here before and who loves the house. Mrs. Heriot, dreaming of absolute independence, tries to rebuff her, but in vain; Doris can no more be ejected or dismissed than the roof or foundation. At the end of the novel she is as inexorably a part of the household as Mrs. Heriot herself.

There is little plot, for little is needed. Instead of accident and intrigue we have character and a subtle study of human relationships; and also a delightful chronicle of the four seasons in the lovely Pennsylvania valley. The novelist deftly steers her simple story past threatening dangers. The countryside, almost absurdly picturesque, never is banal in calendar-like prettiness; there is no italicized local color; the homely narrative never flutters into idyl or pastoral. (To be sure, the immediate and almost miraculous success of the vegetable garden will be the envy of many a frustrated reader, but some gardens do flourish.) At one point the book threatens to turn sociological, but our interest is soon directed again towards Doris, not towards the race problem, for Doris is primarily a member of the human race.

Perhaps the chief negative virtue of "Mrs. Heriot's House" lies in the novelist's refusal to over-analyze the strange rapport between the aristocratic, sensible, esthetic mistress, and the uncommunicative, often slatternly servant, whose tastes run to zoot-suited bucks, books of comics, and radio serials. There is as little affection between the two as there is intellectual harmony, and Doris is no termite-like neurotic guest in the house who defies expulsion. Mrs. Heriot finally understands: Doris, too, loves the house—that common object of love forms their strange, inseverable bond. For it Doris rejects her zoot-suited Lee-roy; for it Mrs. Heriot rejects the wealthy colonel, whom she likes, but who scorns her little house and offers her instead a great house to preside over, and such minor horrors as receptions, bridge parties, the cult of the beauty-parlor, etc.

Excellent pen-and-ink drawings by Edward Shenton suggest the robust beauty of the valley, and help make understandable the devotion of the two women for Mrs. Heriot's house.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
WHATEVER GOES UP *Bertram Millhauser* (Crime Club: $2.)	Face peering in window of air-plane scares California bound girl and involves her, indirectly, in very pretty murder case.	Rapidly moving and adequately plotted combination of murder and intrigue with Cal. police officer doing forthright job of detection.	Readable
FALLEN ANGEL *Marty Holland* (Dutton: $2.)	Ex-insurance investigator hops bus at Cal. cafe and begins callous career which calls for his solution of two murders.	Fine bunch of unpleasant people—except rather stupid heroine—much tough talk and action. and a finish that isn't too unbelievable.	For hard-boiled addicts
THE RED RIGHT HAND *Joel Townsley Rogers* (Simon & Schuster: $2.)	Journey from New York to New England ends fatally for prospective bridegroom. Doctor, who resembles chief suspect, elucidates.	Effective amalgam of terror and mystery, with accent on former. Gets out of hand occasionally but total effect is satisfactorily shiversome.	Good job
MURDER IN PLAIN SIGHT *Gerald Brown* (Phoenix Press: $2.)	Fastidious Boston private-eye hired by old lady to watch wedding presents runs into double murder.	Family skeletons of precious crowd of Beacon Hill aristos get thorough overhauling before staccato yarn is finished.	Run-of-the-Common

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WAR CRIMINALS AND INTERNATIONAL LAW

(*Continued from page 8*)

the anarchy which results from having no way to obtain any decision of such questions; in which case each will take the law into his own hands. And in a somewhat similar sporting spirit we must look upon any international tribunal, not as one whose decision always will be welcome or always right or wise.

But the worst settlement of international disputes by adjudication or arbitration is likely to be less disastrous to the loser and certainly less destructive to the world than no way of settlement except war. And we will not suffer the worst of decision, but will benefit from the judicial process at its best if we insist upon the independence and intellectual integrity of any international tribunal which purports to arbitrate or adjudicate controversies between states.

I always have found a great measure of professional pride and inspiration in the story I have heard and often repeated about Lord Alverstone. In the Alaskan Boundary dispute between the United States and Great Britain, an arbitration commission was set up, consisting of an equal number of nationals of each. Of course no decision could be reached unless at least one arbitrator voted against the interests of his own country. It so happened that Lord Alverstone, named to the commission by Great Britain, joined in an award in favor of the United States. The storm of criticism among his countrymen was fierce.

The answer attributed to Alverstone embodied in few words about all that I have taken pages to say. It was an attitude followed by Mr. Justice Van Devanter, who joined in deciding a later arbitration against the United States. It is, I think, the shortest explanation of the success with which this country and Great Britain for well over a century have been able to settle their differences by peaceful means. Alverstone's reply to criticism was simply, "If when any kind of arbitration is set up they don't want a decision based on the law and the evidence, they must not put a British judge on the commission."

That is the spirit in which disputes between states or between individuals must be decided, and the spirit in which decisions must be accepted, if the world is ever truly to be ruled by law instead of by the wills of men in power.

This article was adapted by Justice Jackson from his address on April 13 before the American Society of International Law.

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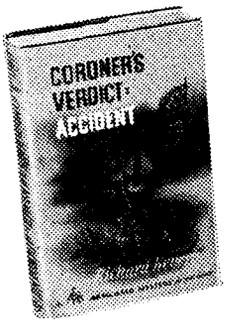

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By CARYL BERGMAN

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the Phoenix Nest

IN the present state of the world it is often a little difficult to focus one's attention upon old books! There are many and various problems confronting the heads of the United Nations, but the case of Spain is surely one of the most peculiar in this world, and one that will furnish infinite irony to future historians! Everyone knows that Franco, throughout his nefarious career, has been an outstanding Fascist; that he brought in the Moors and Mussolini's ignorant troops against the Spanish Republic, and called in the German High Command to make Spain a proving-ground for the Second World War. We know perfectly well that he always supported Hitler and Mussolini and approved of Japan. But the great Nations began by looking the other way when anything bloodily disagreeable turned up in Spain, and the United States has continued to this day, officially, to avoid mention of Franco as though the subject were positively indelicate. Long ago any claim of military expediency ceased to be a true claim as to our avoidance of the Spanish issue. Now, I understand, American officials in Madrid, Washington, and London, boast that the United States is replacing Germany as the power with the most influence over Spain's air traffic and airports; and, of course, that makes everything just hunky-dory. Though not with the British! Lord Templewood practically denounced Franco; but unfortunately the British Government seems to wish a restoration of Monarchy. The pretender, Prince Juan, is, perhaps, their whiteheaded boy. To return Spain to the Spanish Bourbons would certainly be a big help to the Spanish people, and a detonatingly intelligent solution to the Spanish problem,—wouldn't it! Meanwhile Dr. Juan Negrin, Premier of Republican Spain, has reached this country and doubtless is given the glassy eye, as of old, by our State Department, who probably still think of the late War in Spain as a contest merely between the Communists and the Catholics, despite all the facts in the case that for years have been at their disposal. Today in *The New York Times* (May 21) I read a page 9 headline, "Franco Says Unity Insured Peace; Denies Spain Has a Dictatorship." A half-column article is boxed off to give it prominence. Beside it is a despatch from Paul P. Kennedy telling how the head of the labor camp at Nanclares, one Major Ramón González, tried to force nine British, American, and French correspondents to sign a statement as to what they had seen and heard. At first he said haughtily that if they did not sign it they would have to remain there all night. They refused. Later he retracted. As for Franco's speech, aside from the other specious buncombe in it, I was interested in his high-flown statement, "In the fifteenth century Spain was ahead of the whole world, and under the aegis of Catholicism established a real, healthy democracy."

I turned thence to my old friend the "Britannica," in which the historical portion of the article on Spain, in my edition, is in part written by an Oxford don. There I learned that during the fifteenth century there were kings and queens of Castile and Leon till the union with Aragon; separate kings of Aragon; separate kings of Navarre till the conquest of Ferdinand the Catholic; and that not till the beginning of the sixteenth century were there monarchs of United Spain, beginning—auspiciously I dare say!—with Joan, "The Mad." Typical of Spain "under the aegis of Catholicism," was a pleasant character called John II of Castile (1406-1454)—he ruled for about half of the century. His dossier says,

> a man of amiable but indolent character and of literary tastes [A saving grace!—Ed.], was governed by his favourite, Alvaro de Luna, and harassed by his nobles. His reign is full of contentions which were not wars for a principle, but were scuffles for the control of the spigot of taxation. At the end of his life he sacrificed his favourite at the instigation of his second wife, an act which, it is said, justly embittered his last days. Of his son Henry IV (1454-1474) it is enough to say that he was called "the Impotent," and that there is every reason to believe that he deserved the description in all the senses of the word.

[I like the way these Oxford dons put things!—Ed.]

Every school child knows that when Ferdinand of Aragon married Isabella of Castile the two crowns of Spain (excluding Navarre) were united. But that did not happen till 1479. As for Ferdinand and Isabella, "The most characteristic part of their ecclesiastical policy was the establishment of the Spanish Inquisition (*q.v.*)" Yes, do go and read about it! It was just dandy! Of course in 1492 Christopher Columbus sailed on his first voyage to the west, which is where we in America come in. Then in 1497 Ferdinand entered on his Italian wars—such wars as doubtless little fat *El Jefe* regards as magnificent—and for a time Spain was the dominant power in the Italian peninsula. A world of conquest and adventure had been opened to her in the Americas, but she was also committed to incessant strife.

> On the death of John, the only son of Ferdinand and Isabella, the worst misfortune which ever happened to Spain, opened the succession to all the crowns and coronets worn by the Catholic sovereigns to Charles of Habsburg—the emperor Charles V. From that day Spain became a part—the leader, then the paymaster, then the dupe—of the international monarchical confedera-

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Mari Sandoz, the American biographer and novelist, has been amused by all the comment on General Charles King. She wrote, among other books, the famous "Old Jules"; her mother being the fourth wife of that redoubtable pioneer. It seems that some time ago Thomas Hornsby Ferrill, the poet, brought up, in his *Rocky Mountain Herald,* the subject of how the young Cheyenne, Yellow Hand, was really killed. Miss Sandoz helped get at the truth. In "Campaigning with Crook" General (then Captain) King had claimed that Buffalo Bill killed Yellow Hand. But, when Chris Madsen died about a year ago, Miss Sandoz says he was the last of the eye-witnesses to the killing, up in the Warbonnet Creek Region, in northwest Nebraska, in the summer of 1876. And, says Miss Sandoz, "with Buffalo Bill nowhere around, Ned Buntline and Charley King to the contrary!" General King, it seems, was quite unreliable in matters of fact. An old Army officer from Fort Laramie once complained of this. One Reuben D. Davenport of New Haven pointed out that a reference to himself in "Campaigning with Crook" was libelous. King, on that occasion, reexamined his authorities, and then sent a complete apology and retraction to the *Army and Navy Journal.* Back in the '90's the same periodical several times printed complaints about King's books. Miss Sandoz, merely amused by the whole affair, still says that it is, nevertheless, time to "give credence to Chris Madsen and the breeds and Indians and soldiers who have long been speaking up unheard on that incident of the frontier, the killing of Yellow Hand." Let us all settle for the fact that King wrote exciting, if sometimes inaccurate, Old Army fiction. And I thank Earle Walbridge for a copy of "A Wounded Name," that once belonged to Spencer Nichols, Assistant Secretary of State under Wilson! And now I must rest the General's case once and for all!

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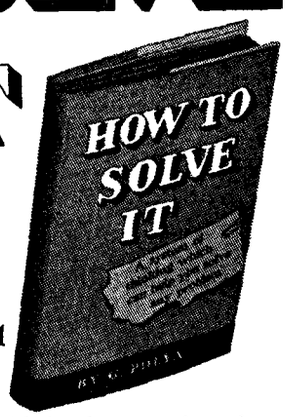

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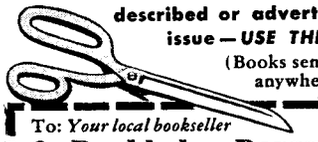

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By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

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Will puzzlers who call my attention to errors of fact please mention the number of the DC? It would expedite my search for the mistake, since I do not as a rule recall its individual place.

DOUBLE-CROSTICS: No. 584

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-five words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 21 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Local, sharp and sudden pains.

B. A person or thing that wavers or jiggles like a top.

C. Jerky.

D. Scottish author; translator of Rabelais (1611-60).

E. Easily offended; irritable.

F. Common European grosbeak.

G. Mired.

H. River in Minnesota flowing through body of water of same name.

I. Prussian city recently captured by the Russians.

J. Female spirit who by wailing foretells death (Scot. folklore).

K. Collection of poems by Ben Jonson; also by R. L. Stevenson.

L. Bread (British Army Slang).

M. Pleasing to the taste; palatable.

N. State or characteristic of having red hair.

O. Twisted loaf of bread used at Friday evening meal by the Jews.

P. Wrong conduct (Comp.)

Q. Irish-American journalist, founder of *The New York Evening Sun* (1887).

R. Having no hands.

S. Serving to hold back or keep.

T. Something offensive to the sight.

U. English caricaturist, with *Punch* (1841-64).

V. Other name for the novel, "Virtue Rewarded" (1740).

W. Vehement or vigorous; weighty.

X. Battle, 333 B.C.; rout of Persians under Darius by Alexander the Great.

Y. Chief deity of the Assyrian pantheon.

WORDS

84 11 78 167 137 34 17 68

71 31 156 126 98 43 104 7

105 108 57 4 92 101 79 153

52 23 106 3 36 41 116

110 121 90 60 170 161

117 85 159 77 27 83 145 151

53 72 122 82 141 91 169 134

74 129 149 28 56 177 13

64 93 24 150 62 165 37

124 157 6 174 12 9 22

144 148 87 8 112 20 2 73 67 48

95 40 59 97 130

50 171 103 166 21 81 49 143 65

25 1 155 51 146 76 99 42 45 13

100 163 133 158 147 26

175 32 168 88 135 61 140 119

164 89 115 39 5 58

154 14 29 86 114 70 80

30 142 127 111 66 10 44 16 75

15 63 123 131 69 109 94

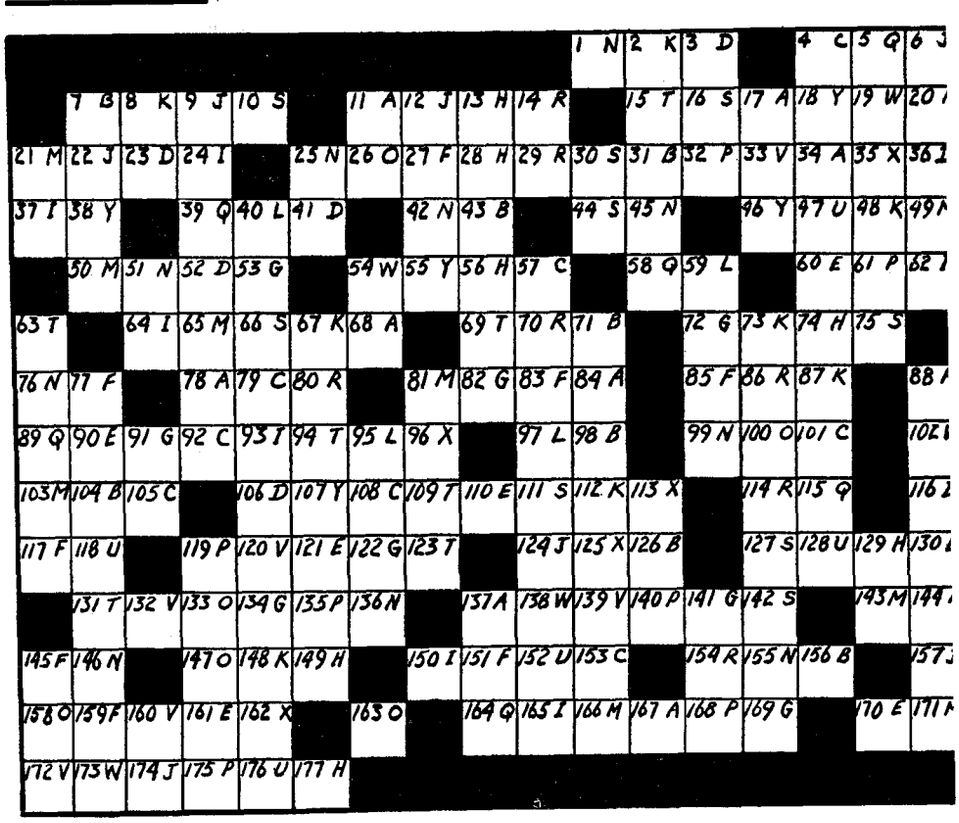
47 118 152 176 128

33 139 172 132 120 160

138 173 102 54 19

35 162 113 125 96

46 38 55 107 18



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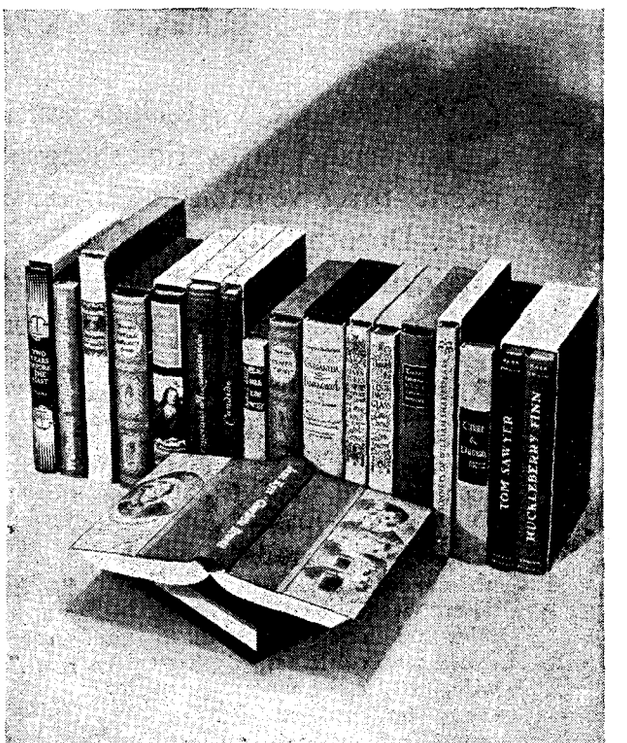

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